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JANUARY 3, 1969

TIME

MEN OF THE YEAR



ASTRONAUTS ANDERS, BORMAN AND LOVELL

WILLIAM GARRITY

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TIME LISTINGS

TELEVISION

Wednesday, January 1

COTTON BOWL FOOTBALL GAME (CBS, 1:45 p.m. to conclusion). * Texas v. Tennessee, from Dallas.

SUGAR BOWL FOOTBALL GAME (NBC, 1:45 p.m. to conclusion). Georgia v. Arkansas, from New Orleans.

CBS NEWS CORRESPONDENTS REPORT: PART 2 (CBS, 4:30-5:30 p.m.). Walter Cronkite moderates as Eric Sevareid, Roger Mudd, Mike Wallace, Dan Rather, Daniel Schorr and John Laurence report on the U.S. in 1968 and the prospects for 1969.

ROSE BOWL FOOTBALL GAME (NBC, 4:45 p.m. to conclusion). Ohio State v. U.S.C., from Pasadena.

ORANGE BOWL FOOTBALL GAME (NBC, 7:45 p.m. to conclusion). Penn State v. Kansas, from Miami.

Thursday, January 2

MARK TWAIN TONIGHT (CBS, 7:30-9 p.m.). Hal Holbrook's enchanting portrayal of the great author and humorist. Repeat.

Friday, January 3

PRUDENTIAL'S ON STAGE (NBC, 8:30-10 p.m.). "Male of the Species," narrated by Sir Laurence Olivier, is a three-episode comedy-drama that details a Scots-woman's (Anna Calder-Marshall) relationships with her hard-drinking father (Sean Connery), a charming Irish swain (Michael Caine), and a wily Welsh barrister (Paul Scofield).

Saturday, January 4

NATIONAL HOCKEY LEAGUE (CBS, 4-6:30 p.m.). Chicago at Montreal.

SHELL'S WONDERFUL WORLD OF GOLF (NBC, 5-6 p.m.). Billy Casper, Gene Littler and Ben Arda compete at the Manila Golf and Country Club in the Philippines.

THE HUNTLEY-BRINKLEY REPORT (NBC, 6:30-7 p.m.). The dynamic duo now makes the scene six nights a week.

Sunday, January 5

DISCOVERY, '69. (ABC, 11:30 a.m. to noon). "Backyard Odyssey," Part 1, investigates the wonderful world of garden and animal life found in any given backyard; the "stars" of this show are a Monarch butterfly, a grasshopper and a praying mantis.

N.F.L. PLAY-OFF BOWL (CBS, 1 p.m. to conclusion). Runners-up in the Eastern and Western Conferences meet in Miami's Orange Bowl Stadium.

N.B.A. BASKETBALL (ABC, 5 p.m. to conclusion). The Boston Celtics v. the Warriors at San Francisco.

THE KILLY STYLE (CBS, 5:53-7 p.m.). Gold Medalist Jean-Claude Killy takes viewers along as he skis some of the most difficult slopes in the world. First show in the series is a trip to New Zealand's North Island, where he skis down an active volcano. Premiere.

CBS NEWS SPECIAL (CBS, 5:30-7 p.m.). "Meet the New Senators"; introduction by Correspondent Roger Mudd.

MUTUAL OF OMAHA'S WILD KINGDOM (NBC, 6:30-7 p.m.). "Hippo!" shows a relocation project, now under way in South Africa's Kruger National Park, which is moving the hippopotamus population to an area safe from poachers.

* All times E.S.T.

WALT DISNEY'S WONDERFUL WORLD OF COLOR (NBC, 7:30-8:30 p.m.). Zoologist Henry Del Guidice and the crew of his schooner travel a giant sea turtle across 1,500 miles of open sea to study its navigational ability in "Solomon, the Sea Turtle."

MY FRIEND TONY (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). James Whitmore is a scientific crime fighter, and John Woodruff and Enzo Cerusico are his legmen in the premiere of this new mystery comedy series.

Tuesday, January 7

FIRST TUESDAY (NBC, 9-11 p.m.). Sander Vanocur is anchorman for NBC News's monthly TV Magazine. In the first issue: a report on Fidel Castro's attempts to export Cuban Communism to the rest of Latin America; a look at Hollywood Love Goddess Rita Hayworth at 50; a visit with Body-Building Expert Charles Atlas; a tour of the Sinai peninsula; and "Baton Twirlers," a feature that looks at the thousands of girls—and a few boys—who zealously practice baton twirling in the nation today.

THEATER

On Broadway

PROMISES, PROMISES follows all the halloved tactics for promoting mediocrity into success. Jerry Orbach is splendid as the tall, gangling anti-hero, and Marian Mercer turns in the acting gem of the evening as an amorous alcoholic pickup. But the comic tone of Neil Simon's book is bland rather than pithy, and the songs of the Burt Bacharach score are for the most part interchangeably tuneless.

JIMMY SHINE is like a book in which the text has been thrown away and the footnotes published. Playwright Murray Schisgal is fortunate to have Dustin Hoffman's ingratiating stage personality working for him as the luckless born loser, stumbling through episodes from his past, present and fantasy lives.

KING LEAR. Lee J. Cobb plays the almost inhumanly difficult title role with an all-involving humanity in this revival by the Lincoln Center Repertory Company.

ZORBA is a sleek and synthetic musical version of the Kazantzakis novel in which Herschel Bernardi clodhops through the role of Zorba. The songs and dances, possessing neither virility nor ethnic veracity, hardly ever evoke the characteristic tone of Levantine lament.

Off Broadway

BIG TIME BUCK WHITE starts as a genial put-on with five officers of a Black Power group ricocheting around the stage in an orgy of black humor. It becomes a cold put-down with the arrival at the lectern of Dick Williams as Buck White. Answering questions from the audience that are designed to give Whitey the message about Black Power, he is more of a bore than a bombshell after the antics of the five clowns.

AMERICAN PASTORAL. When the citizens of a depressed South Carolina town find that the savior who will revive their cotton mill is black, the stage is set for a dramatic exploration of attitudes and tensions. But Playwright Yabo Yablonsky's formalistic approach to his story keeps the action in chiaroscuro.

TEA PARTY AND THE BASEMENT. Harold Pinter provokes a devilishly clever sort of participation theater in which the playgoer is lured into playing detective without any clues. In *Tea Party*, a middle-aged manufacturer of bidets is driven into a catatonic state by the interactions of his secretary, his wife and her brother. *The Basement* has two old friends vying for the affections of a girl with whom they share a basement flat.

GOD IS A (GUESS WHAT?). The Negro Ensemble Company seems to be forging a dubious tradition of brilliantly staging mediocre material. The intentions of playwright Ray Melver to make a cutting satire of black-white relations in the U.S. unfortunately outrun his wit. But the players, under the direction of Michael A. Schultz, endow this "minstrel-morality play" with a lively inventiveness and bounce.

CINEMA

THE FIXER. A generally faithful and often moving adaptation of Bernard Malamud's Pulitzer Prize-winning novel about the passion of a modern Job. Under the careful and inventive direction of Joan Frankenheimer, the cast—notably Alan Bates, Dirk Bogarde and Ian Holm—bring to the film a moral force reminiscent of Dostoevsky.

2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY. Stanley Kubrick's epic of the space age brilliantly describes the history and future of man with some of the most mind-blowing special effects ever seen on a movie screen.

THE FIREMEN'S BALL. Director Miles Forman (*Loves of a Blonde*) has fashioned a frothy, funny parody-fable of Communist bureaucracy from a slight anecdote about a group of firemen who stage a party in honor of their retiring chief.

OLIVER. A gleaming Christmas package of a musical. Dickens' reformist outrage is gone, but in its place are some lovely period costumes, some excellent songs by Lionel Bart and a collection of perfectly stunning sets designed by John Box. Carol Reed directs a large cast (including Ron Moody, Shani Wallis and Mark Lester as Oliver) with wizardly precision.

YELLOW SUBMARINE is an eclectically animated voyage to Pepperland starring four cartoon Beatles. The score is mostly familiar, and the film decidedly too long, but Animator Heinz Edelmann works a few droll visual puns and some distracting graphic legendism.

BULLITT. A visceral cops-and-robbers saga starring Steve McQueen as a hip San Francisco police lieutenant on the hunt for assorted bad guys.

FUNNY GIRL is a loud, lumbering, almost anachronistic musical biography of Fanny Brice. Barbra Streisand's brassy talents are the none-too-firm foundation on which the film rests.

WEEKEND. Jean-Luc Godard gives the bourgeoisie a good drubbing in a satire that might have been sharper had its straight-faced Maoist political hang-ups not been so dull.

PRETTY POISON. Homicide can be fun, as Anthony Perkins and Tuesday Weld prove in this small but stinging satire on violence in America directed by Noel Black, 31, whose previous experience has been mostly in educational and commercial shorts.

COOGAN'S BLUFF. French film critics have long hailed Director Don Siegel as a minor genius, and this film is ample proof

that his reputation is no Gallic caprice. With measured professionalism, Siegel tells the story of an Arizona sheriff (Clint Eastwood) who travels to New York to extradite a prisoner.

BOOKS

Best Reading

MILLAIS AND THE RUSKINS, by Mary Lutyens. *Private Lives*, Victorian style, raised to the level of art, by the author's skill and the writing ability of Critic John Ruskin and his wife.

THE ARMS OF KRUPP, by William Manchester. A flawed but massive and cumulatively fascinating chronicle links Europe's most famous weaponmaking family with Germany's persistent thrust toward world power.

TURPIN, by Stephen Jones. A veterinarian and part-time lobster fisherman is caught up in ludicrous deaths and humorous depravities in this fine, satiric first novel.

THE BEASTLY BEATITUDES OF BALTHAZAR B., by J. P. Donleavy. Fumbling seductions and moneyed monkeyshines fill Donleavy's tall tale of a rich and dreamy young man in Paris, Dublin and London.

INSTANT REPLAY: THE GREEN BAY DIARY OF JERRY KRAMER. The legend of former Coach Vince Lombardi acquires a gilt-edged sparkle in this on-the-line account of the football life by the Packers all-pro right guard.

THE COLLECTED ESSAYS, JOURNALISM AND LETTERS OF GEORGE ORWELL. The cross-grained texture of the intellectual and political history of Western Europe during the '30s and '40s is brilliantly perceived through this gathering of Orwell's writings, edited and annotated by Sonia Orwell and Ian Angus.

O'NEILL: SON AND PLAYWRIGHT, by Louis Sheaffer. O'Neill did what only a major artist can: he made his public share his private demon. In this painstaking biography, the first of two volumes, Author Sheaffer traces the tensions that define the playwright's life.

THE CAT'S PAJAMAS AND WITCH'S MILK, by Peter De Vries. In these two grotesquely humorous novellas, a gifted, discontented man works hard at being a failure, and a gentle, down-at-heart woman struggles with domestic disaster.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. *A Small Town in Germany*, le Carré (2 last week)
2. *The Salzburg Connection*, MacInnes (1)
3. *Airport*, Hailey (4)
4. *Preserve and Protect*, Drury (3)
5. *The Senator*, Pearson (9)
6. *Force 10 from Navarone*, MacLean
7. *The Hurricane Years*, Hawley (5)
8. *And Other Stories*, O'Hara (8)
9. *Testimony of Two Men*, Caldwell (7)
10. *The First Circle*, Solzhenitsyn (6)

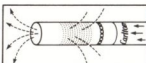
NONFICTION

1. *Instant Replay*, Kramer (3)
2. *The Money Game*, "Adam Smith" (2)
3. *The Arms of Krupp*, Manchester (10)
4. *The Day Kennedy Was Shot*, Bishop (6)
5. *On Reflection*, Hayes (4)
6. *Sixty Years on the Firing Line*, Krock (1)
7. *The Rich and the Super-Rich*, Lundberg
8. *The Joys of Yiddish*, Rosten (5)
9. *The Bogey Man*, Plimpton
10. *Anti-Memoirs*, Malraux (9)

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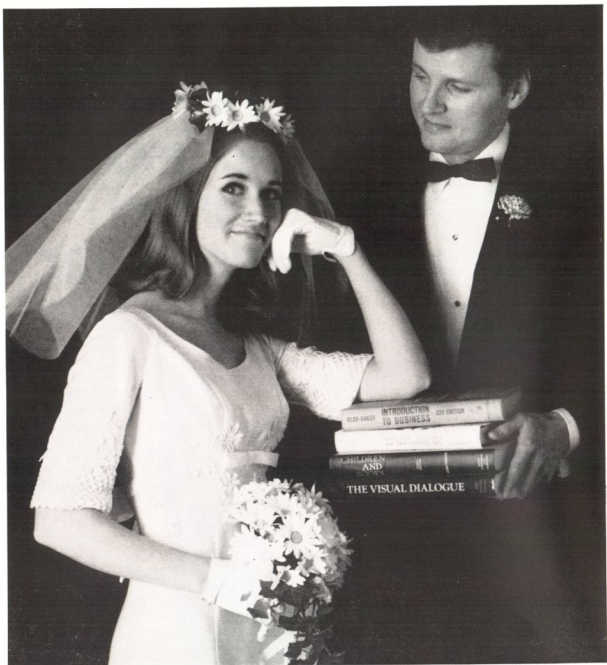


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LETTERS

Long Live!

Sir: Your story on Bach [Dec. 27] was the best Christmas cover story for a long, long time. Every word brought illumination and joy; you had the symmetry, the inevitable rightness in every part. You have an art of your own. I left a reading of every word with a sense of completeness; the Bach violin paritas began sounding through my mind as I got up. You caught the heart of the Bachian Restoration in a magnificent end-of-year cadenza. What is better for space travel than the accompaniment of Bach? Long live Bach!

HAYDN LEWIS GILMORE

Tunkhannock, Pa.

Sir: I don't know the author but:

*My hat is off to Johann Bach,
For whom my sentiment is ach;
Not once, but twice, a modest spouse,
With twenty children in the house.*

*Some fathers would have walked away
In what they call a fugue today,
But he left no one in the lurch,
And played the stuff he wrote in church.*

RICHARD H. WANGERIN
President

American Symphony Orchestra
League, Inc.
Vienna, Va.

Fuel to the Fires

Sir: Hurray to those brave Arab Commandos [Dec. 13] for their daring attacks on unarmed civilians, women and children. The fadayeen can sit by their campfire basking in the glory of blowing up school buses. Meanwhile, the U.N. adds fuel to the fire by censuring Israel for trying to preserve its very existence. What country in the world will come to the defense of Israel? Or is their fantastic progress in democracy and self-achievement too much for a mediocre world to tolerate?

WALTER SIMPSON, O.D.

Westfield, Mass.

Sir: The article implies that Arab governments cannot oppose the will of their peoples. This smacks of sophistry since the will in question is largely a product of the 100% government-controlled news media. Were these media to preach peace rather than hate, it is highly probable that public opinion would change.

The Israel that the commandos want to "liberate" has a population of 30% Jews and 10% Arabs. One is strongly reminded of the recent liberation of Czechoslovakia by the Soviet Union.

PHILLIP EIN-DOR

Pittsburgh

Sir: In 1947, instead of self-determination and a plebiscite, a minority group of a country was given carte blanche, and it now runs a political state based on religious theology—a "democracy" only to Jews, not to Moslems or Christians.

After 50 years of lack of understanding and duplicity on the part of Britain, France and then the U.S., culminating in the partition of Palestine, the Arabs have given up hope of equitable treatment by the West. In desperation they are resorting to tactics similar to those used by the Israeli terrorist groups over 20 years ago. Those of us who have actively fought anti-Semitism ought to be able to recognize injustice when it is directed toward them.

SYLVIA A. DE FREITAS

Manhattan

Right or Wrong?

Sir: Your article "Welfare and Illfare" [Dec. 13] is repugnant to me. No citizen has a right to any wealth except what he produces. There is no "national abundance" for anyone to claim. There is only the wealth of individuals produced by individuals. The Constitution guarantees political, not economic rights. I have the right to pursue happiness, not to happiness itself.

Even if a majority of the people in the nation want to help the poor, they have no right to use democracy to force their "morality" on others. I have worked hard to earn a better than average income. I was born with the right to use it as I please. I am being robbed of both. Competence is made the slave of incompetence, work the slave of lethargy, mind the slave of body. How stupid, immoral and inhuman is "humanitarianism."

RAYMOND A. ZACHARY JR.

Richardson, Texas

Sir: Daniel Patrick Moynihan must be totally unaware of the fact that the population of the U.S. is doubling every 35 years. Children's allowances! The allowance should be to those who either have no or few children or to those who volunteer to be sterilized. The population explosion is the most important problem faced by man today. Idiotic schemes such as "family allowance" will serve no purpose but to compound the gravity of the situation.

WILLIAM S. LINDSAY

Pacific Grove, Calif.

Sir: We do not eliminate the sickness, of which poverty is a symptom, by charity. The \$5.5 billion used to keep these dropouts existing could be used to eliminate the sickness: create training schools and work camps where these people could develop a useful skill and the necessary discipline for useful living; boarding schools where their children could absorb the necessary attitudes for a responsible life in the American community.

What they need is a guaranteed job, not a guaranteed income.

(MRS.) DENISE DOEBBELING

Salt Lake City

Sir: It is hard to believe that you do not think Americans are willing to take something for nothing, for certainly every promotion outfit and private company that wants to spur sales knows differently. Our nation is paranoically coked up on getting something for nothing. I even find myself lusting for gold as I open my Mobil

gas sealed coupon, and if I get assaulted by many more such contests (the dollar for the lottery is tempting me no end) I'll be paranoiac too.

No, we might have had the you-can't-get-something-for-nothing myth back when myths were easy to perpetuate and people were harder to bend, but not today. Anyway, you say it is an American belief, which hints that other nations have the opposite belief. I truly know of no nation past or present that is running a give-away show.

CLIFFORD F. DAVIS JR.

Newburgh, N.Y.

Mission: Impossible

Sir: Your article on the investigation of auto repairs [Dec. 13] was quite interesting. I was once a mechanic, and it is my opinion that the high cost of auto repairs is primarily due to one thing: these cars were not designed to be repaired. In almost every late model car you cannot remove the oil pan without lifting the engine! Look under the hood of any new car and imagine how long it would take you to get to each spark plug. Shock absorbers could easily be mounted where it would take no more than three minutes to remove each one. Just look where they hide 'em on some models. Changing a dashboard panel light can be Mission: Impossible. What about radiator and heater hoses? Had one replaced lately? It should be a five-minute job. It's not.

It would benefit everybody if the manufacturers would put a mechanic next to every drawing board. It would not only save everyone money, but it'd prevent a lot of profanity and skinned knuckles.

ROBERT W. SCHAEFER

Kansas City, Mo.

Sir: The struggle of Homo sapiens to survive the automotive era might well be entitled Lemon Squeezes Man.

ALBERT M. JACKSON

Becket, Mass.

Shear Rubbish

Sir: If I didn't think you were serious, I would have laughed uncontrollably at your statement about Australian shearers [Dec. 13] having "legendary" status in this country Down Under. Australia is undergoing an unprecedented industrial boom, and most Aussies are engaged in secondary or tertiary industry. In fact, 90% of Australians have never seen a sheep being shorn or couldn't care less anyway. National hero, rubbish! You typify the attitude of most overseas visitors, summed up by the American tourist who, arriving in Sydney, immediately looked around and

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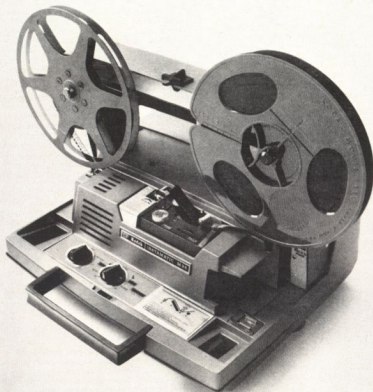
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said. "Ah cain't see any kangaroos." Wake up to Australia's new image. And it's not riding on a sheep's back.

ALAN HOLMAN

Victoria, Australia

Sir: If the Department of Agriculture can peel a sheep and would share its secrets with the Department of Urban Development, one wonders if certain areas of Los Angeles and San Francisco could not be beautified considerably by mixing that antitumor drug with pot.

R. C. RICE

Los Angeles

Cumulative Effect

Sir: TIME speculates about a "reverse tolerance" to marijuana (Dec. 20). No claims for reverse tolerance have been made by responsible persons, even though the lack of response to marijuana in initial trials is well known. I prefer the statement of a pot user, published by the columnist Helen Bottel in April: "Marijuana, contrary to narcotic drugs, has a cumulative effect, and each time it is smoked it will take less and less to feel high, but it may take as many as four or five tries before you get off the ground."

My search into the matter has convinced me that the explanation is not that kids are too scared to let the drug take effect at first or that the pot reaction is the result of suggestion and conditioning or a reverse tolerance. There is no precedent for a reverse tolerance. There is much precedent for accumulation of chemical burdens, and it seems to me that this is the most likely explanation—a lasting and accumulative effect of marijuana on the brain.

HARDIN B. JONES

Professor of Physiology
and Medical Physics

University of California
Berkeley

Ends and Means

Sir: Your article about the yippies and Mr. Hoffman's book (Dec. 20) was grossly misleading. You claim that they are non-violent. In view of their actions in Chicago, doesn't that seem a misjudgment? I have read Hoffman's book, and he never disavows the use of violence. He brags about hitting a cop with a bottle and threatening to kill the deputy superintendent of police if the yippies were not allowed to march to the amphitheater. He and the yippies seem willing to use any means necessary to further their revolutionary aims, including violence. Wake up.

PAT MCNEIL

The Bronx, N.Y.

Address Letters to the Editor to TIME & LIFE Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.

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N/C

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TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWS-MAGAZINE

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TIME, JANUARY 3, 1969

A letter from the PUBLISHER

James R. Shepley

IF journalists are not as cynical as they are often given blame—or credit—for being, they are nonetheless among the least surprised and most prepared of people for the possibilities of both disaster and triumph in human affairs. That, after all, is their business. As TIME's editors saw it, last week's flight of the Apollo astronauts overshadowed—even if, in the long view of history, it did not cancel out—many of the most compelling events of the year. In just 147 hours, it transformed the pioneers of lunar space into the men whom history will long honor. But, like the rest of the nation, the people at TIME watched that flight with a sense of suspense and expectation that was hardly lessened by the massive amount of knowledge and information that the correspondents, writers and editors brought to the task of describing it.

Only a few weeks before the shot, the editors told their readers of the promises and perils of the impending moon flight in a SCIENCE cover story written by Associate Editor Leon Jaroff (TIME, Dec. 6), who also wrote this week's story of the astronauts' flight. To cover the shot, Houston Bureau Chief Don Neff, Washington Correspondent David Lee and Houston Stringer Jim Scheffer, all veterans of earlier and less ambitious shots, filed from location. Lee and Scheffer stayed at Cape Kennedy until the successful lift-off; then Scheffer piloted them by private plane to Houston's Manned Spacecraft Center, thus escaping the massive migration of newsmen that jams transportation to Houston after a launch. In Houston, they joined Neff, who had managed to relocate the entire bureau, including Teletype machines, to a hotel suite across the street from the space headquarters south of Houston. While TIME's edi-



DEC. 6 SPACE COVER

tors watched the TV screens in and around New York, correspondents from 25 bureaus in the U.S. and abroad filed a steady stream of background, evaluation and reaction.

As TIME's "space team" monitored the moon mission at the side of NASA officials, there was little time for Christmas observances. "It could have been any working day," Neff reported. Watching the shots with their families, TIME's editors shared the awe of the younger generation. Senior Editor Champ Clark, who edited Jaroff's story, was astonished when his wife and four children, aged eleven to 19, insisted on rising with him in the middle of the night to keep check on Apollo transmissions. Senior Editor Michael Demaree, who laid aside his editor's pencil long enough to write the lead story of the flight's significance, had to deal with four children whose godfather, a space scientist involved in getting man to Mars, had made them extremely sophisticated about the precise details of the voyage. Ronald Kriss, whose own two children were no less fascinated by the event, coordinated and edited the stories that, the editors of TIME hope, put into proper perspective last week's historic flight by the Men of the Year.

The Cover: acrylic and tempera by Héctor Garrido.

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TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE
January 3, 1969 Vol. 93, No. 1

THE NATION

MEN OF THE YEAR

I undertook a new voyage to a new Heaven and World . . .

SO it seemed to Christopher Columbus in 1500. In the closing days of 1968, all mankind could exult in the vision of a new universe. For all its upheavals and frustrations, the year would be remembered to the end of time for the dazzling skills and Promethean daring that sent mortals around the moon. It would be celebrated as the year in which men saw at first hand their little earth entire, a remote, blue-brown sphere hovering like a migrant bird in the hostile night of space.

The year's transcendent legacy may well be that in Christmas week 1968, the human race glimpsed not a new continent or a new colony, but a new age, one that will inevitably reshape man's view of himself and his destiny. For what must surely rank as one of the greatest physical adventures in history was, unlike the immortal explorations of the past, infinitely more than a reconnaissance of geography or unknown elements. It was a journey into man's future, a hopeful but urgent summons, in Poet Archibald MacLeish's words, "to see ourselves as riders on the earth together, brothers on that bright loveliness in the eternal cold—brothers who know now they are truly brothers."

That realization may take a long time coming. Its harbinger, the odyssey of Apollo 8, was the product of centuries of scientific conjecture and experimentation. The mission's fantastic precision could never have been achieved without the creativity and dedication of the greatest task force ever assembled for a peaceful purpose: 300,000 engineers, technicians and workers, 20,000 contractors, backed by \$33 billion spent on the nation's space effort in the past decade.

Nor could Apollo's galactic galleon have ventured forth without the knowledge amassed by the earlier astronauts, from Alan Shepard and John Glenn on, who dared brutal hazards aboard relatively primitive craft in the laggard race to launch Americans into space. In large measure, too, the superb functioning of Apollo 8 was a result of heartbreak.

New Names for History

After the deaths of Gus Grissom, Edward White and Roger Chaffee, when Apollo 204 burned on its pad in January 1967, the translunar vehicle was extensively redesigned. Man's first voyage to the moon also bore the imprint of two farsighted Presidents: John F. Kennedy, who exhorted the nation to "set



BORMAN, LOVELL & ANDERS ABOARD CARRIER
Urgent summons to the future.

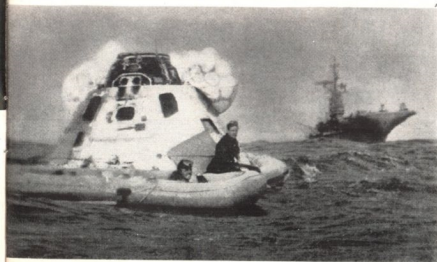
sail on this new sea," and Lyndon Johnson, who in more prosaic language insisted to Americans that "space is not a gambit, not a gimmick," but a realistic challenge that could not be evaded.

In the end, though, it was three lonely men who risked their lives and made the voyage. And in the course of that first soaring escape from the planet that was no longer the world, it was the courage, grace and cool proficiency of Colonel Frank Borman, Captain James Lovell and Major William Anders that transfixed their fellowmen and inscribed on the history books names to be remembered along with those of Marco Polo and Amundsen, Captain Cook and Colonel Lindbergh. In 147 hours that stretched like a lifetime, America's moon pioneers became the indisputable Men of the Year.

For the American people, the astronauts' triumph came as a particularly welcome gift after a year of disruption and despond. Seldom had the nation been confronted with such a congeries of doubts and discontents. On their TV screens, Americans had watched in horror as Martin Luther King lay dead on a Memphis balcony and as an assassin's bullet pierced Robert Kennedy's brain in Los Angeles. While U.S. prestige declined abroad, the nation's own self-confidence sank to a nadir at which it became a familiar litany that American society was afflicted with some profound malaise of spirit and will.

The Paradoxical Planet

The principal focus, if not the prime cause, of American frustrations was the cruel, inconclusive war in Viet Nam. It had divided and demoralized the American people as had no other issue in this century. And it continued to divert



FRIGMEN SURROUND APOLLO 8 AS "YORKTOWN" APPROACHES
A particularly provident benison in a time of disruption and despond.



DUBČEK WITH PRAGUE STUDENTS



JOHNSON ANNOUNCING RETIREMENT



DE GAULLE AT PRESS CONFERENCE

MCCARTHY ON ELECTION NIGHT



a disproportionate amount of the national treasure and energy.

On March 31, the tide of opposition to his policies and personality led Lyndon Johnson to renounce another term as President and call for a partial bombing halt over North Viet Nam. On October 31, President Johnson ordered a total suspension of aerial attacks on the North. Yet by year's end the haggling still droned on in Paris, and the bloodshed continued on the battlefields. Celebrating Mao Tse-tung's 75th birthday, Communist China exploded its second successful thermonuclear device. Even so puny a state as North Korea showed that it could humiliate the U.S. by pirating the intelligence ship *Pueblo* on the broad seas. It seemed a cruel paradox of the times that man could conquer alien space but could not master his native planet.

The U.S. and the Soviet Union still faced a perilous confrontation in the Middle East. In August, five years to the month after Khrushchev and Kennedy concluded the test-ban treaty, the long and delicate approach to a Soviet-American détente was reversed by Moscow's heavy-handed repression of a progressive regime in Czechoslovakia. For a few months it seemed as if Alexander Dubček, the Czechoslovak party boss, might succeed in his breathtaking attempt to defy Moscow and build a humane, relatively liberal and more efficient Marxist regime in his country; the Soviet tanks that ended this attempt for the time being did not end the hopes he had expressed. But Moscow may have made eventual solutions more painful, not only for the nations of Eastern Europe but for Russia as well. While Russian troops policed the streets of Prague, a hardy band of Moscow intellectuals protested the invasion in the very shadow of the Kremlin.

Virus of Dissent

Mankind could be thankful at least that at no time in 1968 did the superpowers come close to an irreconcilable conflict. Yet nations around the world were confronted with a new kind of crisis, a virus of internal dissent. The spirit of protest leaped from country to country like an ideological variant of Hong Kong flu. Protest marches, sit-ins and riots attacked every kind of structure, society and regime.

In France, a near-revolution by students and workers came close to toppling Charles de Gaulle in May; its economic aftermath in November almost certainly discredited forever Gaullism's vaunted role as the power broker of Europe. In Egypt, students rampaged through the streets, burning buses and shouting against the "prefabricated slogans" of Gamal Abdel Nasser's regime. In Pakistan, mobs cried "Death to Ayub!" in protest against their President's neglect of long-festering economic and social problems. Germany, Italy and Japan were struck by the plague.

On the eve of the Olympics, Mexico was torn apart by savage gun battles be-

tween soldiers and students. Two months later, Brazil's generals, archetypes of the Latin American military elite, caught a whiff of dissent and hastily imposed a dictatorship on the continent's largest nation.

Upsetting Old Patterns

Nowhere was protest more prevalent or potent than in the U.S. Though the ghettos were spared the major racial holocausts of previous years, Martin Luther King's assassination ignited disturbances in 168 cities and towns and brought arsonists to within three blocks of the White House. Nearly everywhere, black citizens demanded the right to run their own communities, their own welfare programs, their own schools; and a growing number of militant Negro groups armed to protect themselves from what they considered an incurably hostile white society.

Strikes by public employees became commonplace, and union memberships increasingly disavowed contracts negotiated by their leaders, threatening to upset a pattern of stable labor relations built up over a generation. Even the two-party system was threatened, as millions of Americans, mostly lower-middle-class voters demanding law and order and resentful of Negroes' demands, responded to the egregious slogans of George Wallace.

On the campuses, groups of radical students sought nothing less than the destruction of the university. Columbia nearly fell to them last spring, and San Francisco State College was still reeling under their attacks as the old year closed. Despite the Administration's halting steps toward peace, massive antiwar demonstrations still took place in parks and arenas, men still burned their draft cards, priests and pedagogues still faced trial for attempting to subvert the Selective Service process.

In the U.S., as elsewhere in the world, there was an undeniable legitimacy to many of the dissenters' causes. When they clamored for greater participation in academic decision making or more meaningful curricula or better job opportunities in the ghettos, colleges and corporations and city halls generally proved willing to meet their demands, at least halfway. Indeed, one of the most remarkable aspects of a remarkable year was the resilience of American society to such wide-ranging attacks on so many hitherto sacrosanct institutions.

The Clubs of August

For many of the young, Eugene McCarthy's antiwar campaign raised a brave new banner, and thousands of students trooped forth to crusade for a candidate who, for all his dry wit and charmingly unconventional style, proved in the course of the primaries too flaccid and vague to entertain any realistic hope of capturing the popular vote. Nonetheless, it was McCarthy who showed the vulnerability of Lyndon Johnson, and after the New Hampshire primary, Robert Kennedy could no



PARIS RIOTERS DURING SPRING UPRISING



ROBERT KENNEDY DYING IN LOS ANGELES



WASHINGTON, D.C. LOOTERS IN APRIL RIOTS



YIPPIES IN CHICAGO PARK PROTESTING DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION



CASKET OF MARTIN LUTHER KING JR. DRAWN THROUGH ATLANTA

longer resist the challenge to reassert what many of his followers seriously believed to be his legitimate cause against that of the pretender Johnson.

Kennedy waged an artful and compelling campaign, summoning from the young, the poor and the black a degree of enthusiasm, even worship, seldom witnessed in an American political campaign. Their hopes and aspirations died with the young Senator, and the altruistic zeal of McCarthy's crusaders turned to bitterness when it became obvious that their leader could never win the Democratic nomination. The young, the angry and the disenchanted registered their vote on the streets of Chicago, and they were answered by the clubs of August. That traumatic clash may well have cost Hubert Humphrey the presidency. Richard Nixon, starting earlier and astutely divining the mood of a majority outraged by violence and disorder, won the election less by promising cures for America's ills than by decrying them.

Small wonder, then, that those on earth saw it as a beleaguered battlefield—not, as Astronaut Lovell described it from his vantage point nearly a quarter of a million miles away, as "a grand ovation to the vastness of space." Sated with violence, sick of crisis, weary of politics and protest alike, the U.S.—and the rest of the world—needed few excuses to look to the heavens. As the year waned, they shifted their gaze to earth's placid, lifeless satellite—as Sir Richard Burton described it in 1880, "A ruined world, a globe burnt out, a corpse upon the road of night."

The Question of Priorities

Many students and intellectuals, inveighing against the "power structure" and the "Establishment," have been loud in their condemnation of America's commitment to space. It has been ridiculed by such authorities as Science Editor Philip Abelson as a "moondoggle," by a congressional critic as a "garish spectacular." Indeed, considering the proliferation of terrestrial problems—poverty, ignorance, racism, the decay of the cities, the rape of the environment, the deepening chasm between affluent and backward nations—it is easy to question the wisdom of spending billions to escape the troubled planet.

But that is to miss the essential point. Though the space program has in fact returned the nation untold dividends in technological advancement—and jobs—that is not its rationale or its ultimate justification. Man is propelled from earth to moon by the same instincts that led him from cave to college: the lonely search for knowledge, the fascination of attacking the impregnable, the creative impulse, shared with Tennyson's *Ulysses*, "to seek a newer world . . . to sail beyond the sunset, and the baths of all the western stars." The newer world opened up by the Men of the Year will surely, in time, reach far beyond the moon, but its radiance cannot fail to illumine life on planet earth.

THE VOYAGE: POETRY AND PERFECTION

A SCANT decade ago, man was making his first tentative probes into near space. Now, his eye fixed on the moon, that cold and lifeless globe with its borrowed light, he was poised to soar beyond earth's atmosphere, beyond the 40,000-mile-deep magnetosphere and into a vast and trackless void. The moon flight was man's first great extraterrestrial venture.

The flight began flawlessly. On Pad 39A at Cape Kennedy, Fla., Borman, Lovell and Anders lay strapped in the

a greyish deep sand. We can see quite a bit of detail. The Sea of Fertility doesn't stand out as well here as it does on earth. There's not as much contrast between that and the surrounding craters. The craters are all rounded off. The round ones look like they've been hit by meteorites or projectiles of some sort. Langrenus is quite a huge crater. It's got a central cone to it. The walls of the crater are terraced, about six or seven terraces on the way down."

From their descriptions, it was obvious that the Apollo crew had diligently learned its lessons. The astronauts casually called out names of lunar craters and other landmarks as if they were old friends. The Sea of Fertility, Messier, Pickering, The Pyrenees Mountains. The craters of Colombo and Gutenberg. The long parallel cracks or faults of Gaudibert.

What They Saw

On Christmas Eve, during their ninth revolution of the moon, the astronauts presented their best description of the moon in the longest and most impressive of the mission's six telecasts. "This is Apollo 8 coming to you live from the moon," reported Borman, focusing the TV camera on the lunar surface drifting by below. "The moon is a different thing to each of us," said Borman. "My own impression is that it's a vast, lonely, forbidding-type existence—great expanse of nothing that looks rather like clouds and clouds of pumice stone. It certainly would not appear to be a very inviting place to live or work."

"My thoughts are very similar," agreed Lovell. "The vast loneliness up here is awe-inspiring, and it makes you realize just what you have back there on earth. The earth from here is a grand ovation to the big vastness of space."

As Borman pointed the TV camera at the lunar surface unfolding below, Lovell and Anders continued their guided tour of the moon.

Lovell: What we've noted especially that you cannot see from the earth are the small bright impact craters that dominate the lunar surface.

Anders: The horizon is very, very stark. The sky is pitch-black and the moon is quite light. The contrast between the sky and the moon is a vivid dark line.

Lovell: Actually, I think the best way to describe this area is a vastness of black and white, absolutely no color.

Anders: The sky up here is also rather forbidding—expanses of blackness with no stars when we're flying over the moon in daylight. You can see by the numerous craters that this planet has been bombarded through the aeons with numerous small asteroids and meteoroids pockmarking the surface every square inch.

Lovell: One of the most amazing features of the surface is the roundness



11-ft. command module that was perched atop a 363-ft. Saturn 5 rocket. With a deafening bellow, the rocket inched upward on a rising pillar of smoke and flame, then spurted off into earth orbit. During its second turn around the planet, it accelerated from 17,400 m.p.h. to 24,200 m.p.h., enough to escape earth's gravitational embrace and send Apollo 8 on the road of night that would lead to the moon. Almost 69 hours after lift-off, the three astronauts made their historic rendezvous.

Below them, less than 70 miles away, lay a desolate, pock-marked landscape. In the black sky above hung a half-disk—the earth—its blue and brown surface mottled by large patches of white. Thus, incredibly, they were there, precisely where the mission planners had predicted, finally living the dreams of untold generations of their ancestors. In orbit around the moon and 230,000 miles farther away from home than any humans had ever before traveled, the Apollo 8 astronauts conveyed impressions of their pioneering adventure with words that at times were poetic. Their telecasts gave earthbound viewers an unforgettable astronaut's-eye view of the moon.

"The moon is essentially grey, no color," Astronaut Lovell reported. "Looks like plaster of paris, or sort of

that most of the craters have instead of sharp, jagged rocks. Only the newest features have any sharp definitions to them, and eventually they get eroded down by the constant bombardment of small meteoroids.

In the Beginning

As the Apollo spacecraft sped toward the terminator (the continually moving line that divides the day and night hemispheres of the moon), the sun dropped from directly overhead toward the horizon, lengthening shadows and bringing out more surface detail. Anders described a new crater with a well-defined ray of powdery material emanating from it. He observed that the Sea of Crises was "amazingly smooth as far as the horizon," which was visible on TV screens as a curved line about 325 miles from Apollo's route. One crater in the area, said Anders, "has strange circular cracks patterned around the middle of it." He also called attention to a *mare*, or sea, with a series of faults across its middle. "They drop down in about three steps to the south."

"This is phenomenal," gasped a ground controller.

Now Apollo was nearing the terminator, which showed as a sharply defined front of darkness on the moon-scape traveling from the left of the television screen. To conclude their Christmas Eve telecast before the view below was blotted out, the astronauts took turns solemnly reading the first ten verses of *Genesis*: "In the beginning, God created the heaven and earth..." Accompanying the final views of the primordial lunar landscape below, their rendition was impressive.

The entire presentation was appropriate for the men of the Apollo 8 crew. Flying in the wake of Apollo 7, with the irrepressible Walter Schirra and his rollicking "Wally, Walt and Donn Show," they seemed as staid and businesslike as a group of corporate executives. Borman, Lovell and Anders are deadly serious men, cool under pressure and addicted to speech filled with space jargon. Borman, 40, is a lay reader of the Episcopal Church, and during the Apollo 8 mission read a prayer addressed to "the people of St. Christopher's [his church], actually to people everywhere." He also inspired the Christmas Eve reading of *Genesis* from deep space. Lovell, also 40, whom Borman

converted to the Episcopal faith, minds his civic responsibilities too. He is Special Consultant to the President for Physical Fitness. Anders, 35, a Roman Catholic, is secretary-treasurer of his neighborhood property owners' association.

Stark Contrast

Finally, each of the Apollo 8 men has an intense sense of mission and purpose, and has demonstrated courageous stubbornness. When the engine of an F-104 that Borman was piloting blew up in flight, instead of bailing out, Borman, flying at twice the speed of sound, stayed in the plane, got the explosive engine started again, and coaxed enough thrust to make a safe landing.

Lovell was rejected the first time he applied for the astronaut program. But he tried again and was one of the nine men out of more than 200 to become a member of the second group of astronauts. Rookie Anders allows his two senior crewmates to do most of the talking, but was aroused enough when British Astronomer Sir Bernard Lovell criticized the concept of Apollo 8 to speak for all the astronauts in a vigorous rebuttal of Lovell.

The relaxed manner and cheerfulness

The Groundling Who Won

AMONG the thousands of groundlings who worked to make Apollo 8 a success, the person most responsible for the flight was a Vienna-born engineer named George Low, who is little known outside the NASA community. Low's title is that of manager of the Apollo spacecraft program, and as such he was in charge of making certain that all the essential hardware, from the spaceship structure down to the smallest switch and relay, was in working order. But Low's role in the Apollo program goes far beyond that: other, higher-ranking officials in NASA agree that had it not been for Low's zeal, there would have been no Apollo 8 flight to the moon.

Low, 42, came with his family from Austria to the U.S. in 1940, when he was 14. He took his degrees in aeronautical engineering at Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, joined the National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics (NASA's predecessor) in 1949, and nine years later became NASA's chief of manned space flight.

At that time, Apollo was a hazy project, with some sort of circumlunar flight scheduled for some time in the unforeseeable future. In October 1960, Low made the first official proposal that Apollo's aim should be to land Americans on the moon. As NASA's Washington-based chief of manned-space-flight programming, Low wrote: "It has become increasingly apparent that a preliminary program for manned lunar landings should be formulated. This is necessary to provide a proper justification for Apollo."

Seven months later, as chairman of a committee investigating the problems of lunar landing, Low provided the facts and figures that persuaded newly elected President John F. Kennedy to declare that the nation's aim should indeed be to achieve lunar landing within the '60s.

In 1964, Low moved to Houston as deputy director of the Manned Spacecraft Center. That was his position when,



LOW IN MISSION CONTROL

in January 1967, Astronauts Gus Grissom, Roger Chaffee and Edward White died during a ground test of an Apollo vehicle.

That disaster virtually brought the Apollo program to a halt and threw NASA into chaos. What was needed was a man who could restore order within the program, and Low was the choice. In April 1967, while preparing for takeoff from Washington National Airport in a small NASA Gulfstream turboprop, he was hustled off the airplane and into a nearby office. Recalls Low: "Everybody in the line of command above me in NASA seemed to be there. They asked me to take over management of Apollo. I probably would have liked some time to think about it, but since anyone I might have wanted to consult was already there in the room, there was no point in waiting. I said 'Yes, sir,' and went to work."

Ever since, Low has been working six-day weeks of up to 16 hours a day. The Apollo command module, with all its 2,000,000 parts, was torn apart, re-examined, and extensively redesigned at a cost of \$75 million, an operation that set back Apollo's timetable by many months.

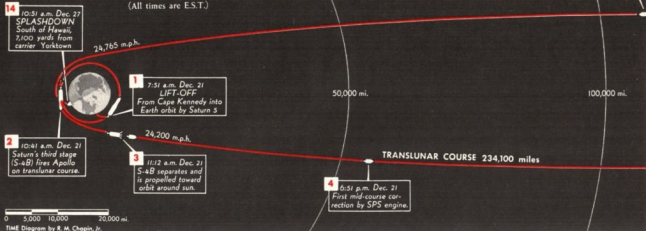
Once he was satisfied with the redesigned craft, Low moved fast. Last August, when it became apparent that the earth-orbiting December flight of Apollo 8 would be delayed by problems with the lunar module, he proposed a bold plan: an Apollo 8 moon orbital mission—without the LM. He was more than convincing, and that is why Apollo 8 got the go-ahead for its historic trip.

In expressing his ideas, and in pushing them into reality, Low has earned a reputation of being reserved and distant. He is not a humorous man, nor one given to poetic fantasies. Yet last week he was as thrilled as any of his five children by the feat of Apollo 8. "I looked at the moon after Apollo 8 went into orbit," he says. "It looked different."

LOG OF APOLLO 8

590,000 miles in 147 hours shown at true Earth-Moon scale

(All times are E.S.T.)



of the astronauts during lunar orbit was in stark contrast to their mood early Tuesday morning when Apollo was approaching the moon. As time neared for the mission's most important decision—whether to allow the spacecraft simply to whip around the moon and head back toward earth or to fire the Service Propulsion System (SPS) engine and place the craft in orbit—both the astronauts and their Houston controllers fell strangely silent. Only essential voice communications were exchanged, and these were monosyllabic and tension-filled.

Riding the Best Bird

Finally, as Apollo raced unerringly on a course that would send it 70.7 miles ahead of the leading edge of the moon, ground controllers decided that all spacecraft systems were in perfect working order. Astronaut Jerry Carr, a communicator on duty in Houston, radioed a terse message: "This is Houston at 68:04 [68 hours and four minutes after launch]. You are go for LOI [lunar orbit insertion]."

Spacecraft Commander Borman acknowledged in equally unmemorable style: "O.K., Apollo 8 is go."

"You are riding the best bird we can find," Carr assured the astronauts.

"Two minutes and 50 seconds away from time of loss of signal," Commentator John McLeish reported, as Apollo began to curve around the back side of the moon, where its radio communication with earth would be blocked. "Here in mission control we're standing by with certainly a great deal of anxiety at this moment."

"We'll see you on the other side," Carr called to the astronauts. "One minute until LOS [loss of signal]. All systems go. Roger. Safe journey, guys."

"Thanks a lot, troops," replied Anders. "We'll see you on the other side."

Then, after a terse "Roger" from Borman, all was silent. Apollo would be behind the moon and out of contact for

45 minutes. Until it emerged, no one on earth would know if the SPS engine had fired on schedule (25 minutes after LOS) or fired long enough to place the craft in orbit. Too short a burn, the controllers knew, could send Apollo smashing into the moon. But there was another problem that caused concern on the ground. Apollo's third-stage S-4B rocket, jettisoned shortly after it pushed the spacecraft out of earth orbit and toward the moon, was scheduled to pass the trailing edge of the moon about the same time that Apollo emerged from behind it. Although scientists had calculated that the spent stage would miss the spacecraft by some 2,000 miles, there remained a remote possibility of collision.

Finally, from Houston came the message that everyone had awaited: "We've acquired a signal but no voice contact yet. We are looking at engine data and it looks good. Tank pressures look good. We got it! We've got it! Apollo 8 is in lunar orbit."

"Good to hear your voice," said Astronaut Lovell, breaking the long silence after Apollo had emerged from behind the moon. Wild cheering filled the control room. Says Flight Director Glynn Lunney: "It certainly wasn't a faint reaction. There was quite a bit of racket. I'm sure it can be described as one of the happiest Christmas Eves just about anyone there had seen."

Once safely in orbit, the astronauts had their work cut out for them. During their second revolution of the moon, they briefly fired their SPS engine to change their orbit from a 70-by-194-mile-high ellipse to a near-perfect 70-mile circle. Using an assortment of cameras, they shot color and black-and-white movie and still pictures of the lunar landscape and of the distant earth. Firing their 100-lb.-thrust control jets, they continually changed the attitude of the spacecraft so that its four-dish, high-gain TV and radio antenna remained pointed directly at the earth.

Using a sextant, they took star sightings and pinpointed lunar landmarks.

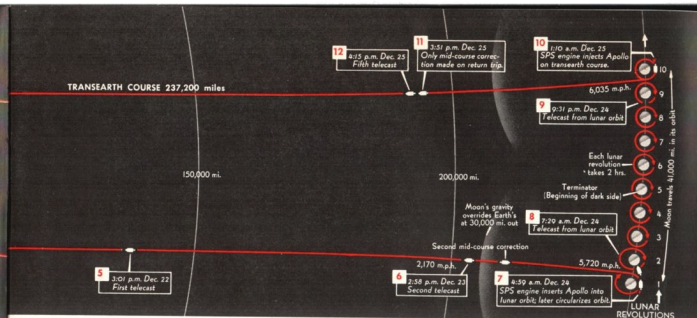
Navigational data that the astronauts gathered will help NASA scientists plot Apollo's orbit more precisely than they could by tracking it from earth. Once the rises and dips in Apollo's orbital path have been identified, the scientists will be able to map their cause: variations in the lunar gravitational field believed to be caused by concentrations of massive material beneath some craters and seas. With better knowledge of the gravitational field, NASA will be able to plan more accurately the paths of future landing missions, on which errors of only a few feet could be dangerous. The landmark data will also enable navigators on future flights to find their landing sites more easily.

Landing Sites

The astronauts also surveyed a prime lunar landing site (one of five picked by NASA on the basis of Lunar Orbiter photographs) and discovered that it was somewhat less than ideal. "There are an awful lot of objects down on the site," reported Lovell. "I'm looking at 2P2 [the site] right now, Houston," said Lovell sarcastically, "and it's a great spot." Added Anders: "That's relatively speaking, of course."

Lovell later reported a lunar phenomenon that piqued Houston's curiosity. "Before the sun came above the limb [horizon]," he said, "definite rays could be seen coming from it. It was a uniform haze apparently where the sun was going to rise." To ground controllers, Lovell's observation suggested that the moon might have a slight atmosphere after all, a possibility that will undoubtedly be investigated further in future flights.

By Apollo's sixth revolution, the program had taken its toll on the crew. "I'm going to scrub all the other experiments," Borman announced, "we're getting too tired." Ten minutes later, he reported that Lovell was already asleep and snor-



ing. "Yeah," replied the Houston communicator, "we can hear him down here." Later, when Borman inquired about the weather in Houston, a communicator reported that there was "a beautiful moon out there tonight." Replied Borman: "Now, we were just saying that there's a beautiful earth out there."

As Apollo began its tenth revolution, tension had risen again both aboard the spacecraft and in Houston. During their final pass behind the moon, the astronauts were scheduled to restart the SPS engine again, this time to increase their velocity from 3,625 m.p.h. to 5,980 m.p.h., enough to propel them out of lunar orbit and back toward the earth. Failure of the engine to fire would leave them stranded in lunar orbit.

This time, there were no final *bon voyages*, no quips and no sentiment. "All systems are go, Apollo 8," the controller reported. From Borman came back only a terse "Roger." As the spacecraft passed into radio silence, the Houston communicator reported: "Flight controllers here in mission control, as with the rest of the world, are waiting." Although it was now more than half an hour into Christmas Day in Houston, the controllers avoided any exchange of greetings, awaiting word that Apollo 8 was safely on its way home.

That word came 37 minutes later in a transmission by Jim Lovell as Apollo re-emerged. "Please be informed," he said, "that there is a Santa Claus."

Going Out and Coming Back

Compared with the drama of flight near the moon, the outward-bound and return trips were uneventful. One problem that occurred shortly after Apollo was propelled toward the moon was quickly corrected. Instead of falling far behind the Apollo spacecraft after it was jettisoned, the third-stage S-4B rocket followed less than 1,000 feet behind. Ground controllers ordered Borman to fire Apollo's 100-lb. thrust reaction control rockets, moving the craft

to a safe distance ahead of the S-4B.

But one problem in the early part of the flight went unreported for several hours. Although the astronauts had been inoculated against the Hong Kong flu, Borman soon became ill with another variety that caused him to vomit and suffer diarrhea. Borman elected not to discuss his illness over the public communications channel. As a result, NASA's medical staff did not hear about his problem until Houston technicians finally played the tape.

When NASA's Dr. Charles Berry got on the radio to treat his patients, Berry's tentative diagnosis, at 120,000 miles, the most distant ever made: the 24-hour flu for Borman and milder versions for Lovell and Anders. His prescription: one anti-diarrhea pill and one anti-nausea pill for each crew member.

The View from 207,000 Miles

During the second of the two telecasts on their outward journey, the astronauts managed to send back some spectacular views of the earth—from a distance of 207,000 miles. Jim Lovell acted as commentator of the show. "In the center," he explained, "is South America—all the way down to Cape Horn. I can see Baja California and the Southwestern part of the U.S. There is a big cloud bank going northeast of the U.S. It appears now that the East Coast is cloudy. I can see clouds over parts of Mexico, and parts of Central America are clear."

Lovell reported that the earth's waters were different shades of deep blue, the land areas different tones of brown, the clouds white, and the total reflection of light much greater than from the moon. "What I keep imagining is that I am some lonely traveler from another planet. What would I think about the earth at this altitude? Whether I think it would be inhabited or not."

The astronauts were entertained during dull periods of the flight by programs concocted by ground controllers.

They were treated to selections from Herb Alpert and his Tijuana Brass, weekend football scores and lengthy newscasts. The diversion was especially welcome on the return trip, which turned out to be the least eventful part of the journey. Two more live telecasts were presented from the spacecraft, and more star navigation checks were made, but the last two mid-course corrections were canceled: Apollo 8 was dead on target.

Toward Splashdown

Accelerated by the earth's own gravity, the spacecraft hurtled at increasing speeds toward its last great challenge—re-entry of earth's atmosphere. Jettisoning the service module and its trusty SPS engine, the astronauts yawed their cone-shaped command module until its blunt end was forward and then plunged into the outer atmosphere at a speed of 24,629 m.p.h.—some 7,000 m.p.h. faster than re-entry speeds of orbital missions. Roaring down into the thickening atmosphere within a sliver of the planned angle of 6.43°, Apollo passed over Peking and Tokyo, the temperature of its heat shield rising to 5,000°F.

Flying over the Pacific, the pilot of a Pan American jet liner reported seeing the spacecraft's fiery track; it was an astonishing five miles wide and 100 miles long.

As re-entry heat built up, it ionized the surrounding atmosphere, which formed a sheath around Apollo and temporarily blacked out its radio communications. But after a tense three-minute silence, there was a reassuring message from Jim Lovell: "We are looking good." Apollo had stood the stresses of re-entry. On schedule, the spacecraft's drogue parachutes deployed, followed closely by the three main chutes.

The parachutes floated Apollo to a splashdown in the Pacific about 7,000 yards away from the carrier *Yorktown*, where recovery helicopters spotted the capsule's beacon flashing in the predawn darkness. It was 10:51 a.m. (E.S.T.),

The Little Engine that Could—and Did

COMPARED with the mighty Saturn 5, which generated 7,500,000 lbs. of thrust in its first stage alone, the little engine seemed puny indeed. But the importance of the Apollo spacecraft's 20,500-lb.-thrust Service Propulsion System (SPS) engine was far out of proportion to its 34-ft. length. The engine's faultless operation made the difference not only between a relatively simple moon shot and last week's sophisticated mission, but also between life and death for the astronauts.

Had the SPS engine failed to ignite, or burned too briefly during the attempt to place Apollo into lunar orbit,

tension skirt (see illustration). The failure of any of these parts could have meant disaster.

To ensure reliability, engineers tried to make the engine as simple as possible. Devoid of any frills, the SPS engine consists basically of a combustion chamber and propellant (fuel and oxidizer) tanks. When valves to these tanks are opened, fuel flows from one tank and oxidizer to the other to meet in the combustion chamber, pushed by pressurized helium that takes the place of potentially troublesome pumps. Because the propellants are hypergolic—they react chemically and ignite on con-

just eleven seconds earlier than the mission's predicted splashdown time, and precisely 147 hours after Apollo 8's spectacular launch from its Cape Kennedy launching pad.

Still aboard the spacecraft, Borman engaged in small talk by radio with the pilot of a helicopter, reporting that the moon was not made of green cheese after all: "It's made out of American cheese." Standing happily on the deck of the *Yorktown*, Borman posed a quickly solved mystery: although Lovell and Anders had full growths of beards, the Apollo 8 commander was clean-shaven. On the short flight from Apollo to the carrier, he had used an electric razor provided by the helicopter pilot.

Aboard the carrier the astronauts received a telephoned message direct from Lyndon Johnson. "You have made us feel kin to those Europeans five centuries ago who first heard news of the New World," the President said. "You've seen what man has never seen before." The next day, Johnson fulfilled a tradition by promoting Bill Anders to lieutenant colonel after his first space flight.

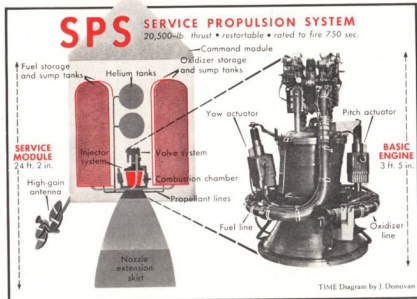
In the Future

Apollo 8's unblemished success and its safe return prompted Air Force Lieut. General Samuel Phillips, the Apollo program director, to announce that Apollo 9 had been scheduled for a Feb. 28 launch date. On that flight, a three-man team headed by Astronaut James McDivitt will orbit the earth and practice rendezvous and docking with the problem-plagued Lunar Module (LM), which has not yet been tested in manned flight.

If Apollo 9 is successful, Apollo 10 will attempt another moon-orbiting mission in May. On this flight, two astronauts will climb into the LM and fly down to within 50,000 ft. of the lunar surface, while a third astronaut remains in the orbiting Apollo spacecraft. But Phillips spiked rumors that the Apollo 10 LM might go all the way down for a landing; the craft is not equipped to land. Instead, Apollo 11 is now scheduled for the landing mission with a fully equipped LM in July or August.

Dr. Thomas Paine, acting administrator of NASA, took advantage of the Apollo 8 success to remind the U.S. that a manned lunar landing is not the ultimate space goal. "This is not the end but the beginning," he said. "We are at the onset of a program of space flights that will extend through many generations. We're looking forward to the days when we will be manning space stations in the sky, conducting lunar exploration and, in the distant future, blazing a new trail out to the planets."

Beyond question, Apollo 8 started blazing that trail, and within the predictable future, man will indeed be heading for other planets. Yet the fact remains that at even the relatively short distance of the moon, man can be homesick. Said Astronaut Borman on Christmas Eve: "God bless all of you—all of you on the good earth."



TIME Diagram by J. Donovan

the spacecraft would have looped around the back of the moon and headed directly back toward earth. If the engine had cut off during one crucial 30-second interval of the scheduled burn, Apollo would have been left in an unstable orbit and crashed into the surface of the moon. And, if the astronauts had not succeeded in restarting the engine after orbiting the moon, they would have been left stranded in space without hope of rescue. This point was not lost on Astronaut Borman. Shortly before launch, he said of the SPS engine: "It simply has to work at that point."

Despite its vital importance, the SPS engine was the only major system aboard the spacecraft designed without another complete system to back it. Like other systems, the engine had duplicate parts made to take over if its tanks, valves or propellant lines failed. But space and weight limitations had forced the manufacturer, Aerojet-General Corp., to include only a single combustion chamber, fuel injector and nozzle ex-

tact—no ignition system is needed. And to avoid including a complicated thruster, the engine burns only at its fully rated thrust of 20,500 lbs. or not at all.

In reliability tests that extended over a period of five years, Aerojet and NASA technicians fired SPS engines some 3,200 times without a malfunction before qualifying them for manned flight. Although the total firing time on the Apollo 8 mission was scheduled to take no more than seven or eight minutes, the combustion chamber was designed to operate for 124 minutes. During tests, it actually held up for more than 30 minutes without burning out.

During the flight of Apollo 6, the SPS engine took over from an S-4B stage that failed to restart, and by itself propelled the unmanned spacecraft to an altitude of more than 13,000 miles. On Apollo 7, its first manned flight, it was started eight times. Thus, when Borman, Lovell and Anders embarked on their mission, they had a pretty good idea that their little engine could perform its tasks flawlessly.

OF REVOLUTION AND THE MOON

It was a year of revolutionaries—or would-be revolutionaries. Students and militants, black and white, neophyte radicals and New Leftists raised fists and hurled stones at the old order. The system must be destroyed; the Establishment must be laid low. Obscenities mingled with tear gas in Chicago. Black Panthers roamed the streets of Oakland. With a sense of *déjà-vu*—of old, familiar furniture being dusted off—barricades once again surrounded the University of Paris. There were no programs, or few of them, for the future; there was only rage against the present. If the rage was often justified, the results of these revolutionary attempts (sometimes mere games) were doubtful. Here and there they did shake the established powers and did produce the beginning of reforms—although reform was not their stated aim. Predictably, they also provoked resistance and reaction, only entrenching the forces under attack. As the year ended, a different sort of revolution suddenly forced itself into the world's imagination. It was represented by the flight around the moon—perhaps the only event of the year to which, in the devalued coinage of the language, the word revolutionary might still be properly applied.

Incalculable Consequences

On the face of it, the space flight had little pertinence to the problems, the agonies of earth. It was possible to look at the moon over a Harlem or Watts rooftop and feel only bitterness at the money spent, the vast effort made, in a cause that would not alter a single life, a single dwelling in the ghetto. And yet the event was really incalculable in its consequences. Nothing comparable has happened in man's history, except possibly the great ocean voyages that led to the discovery of the New World—and to the transformation of Western man. In Columbus's day, as German Author Joachim Leithäuser has pointed out, mankind believed itself to be in its old age, destined for poverty, sickness and evil. The famous Nürnberg Chronicle of 1493 predicted: "Conditions will be so terrible that no man will be able to lead a decent life. Then will all the sorrows of the Apocalypse pour down upon mankind: Flood, Earthquake, Pestilence and Famine; neither shall the crops grow nor the fruits ripen; the wells will dry up and the waters will bear upon them blood and bitterness, so that the birds of the air, the beasts in the field, and the fishes in the sea will all perish."

But the prophecy was false. What followed for mankind was not the Apocalypse, though there was to be abundant blood and bitterness. What followed was a tremendous resurgence of mind and spirit, a vast expansion of human knowledge and power, indeed a great age of reason.

The comparison, of course, is only approximate. Space, as far as man can now foretell, offers no treasures comparable to those sought and found in the New World, no immediate chance for settlement on a new frontier. But the most important fact about America's discovery was not material, not the wealth and territory that it added to the known world. It was rather the spiritual and intellectual challenge with which it shook that ancient, flat, small, circumscribed, warring village that was the world before Columbus. Thus, the age of space that emerged in the last days of 1968 may offer spiritual and intellectual challenge that will shake the new, vast, complex, circumscribed, warring cosmopolis that was the world before Apollo 8.

How? What the rebels and dissenters ask will not be found on the moon: social justice, peace, an end to hy-

pocrisy—in short, Utopia. But to the extent that the rebels really want a particular kind of tomorrow—rather than simply a curse on, and an escape from, today—the moon flight of Apollo 8 shows how that Utopian tomorrow could come about. For this is what Westernized man can do. He will not turn into a passive, contemplative being; he will not drop out and turn off; he will not seek stability and inner peace in the quest for nirvana. Western man is Faust, and if he knows anything at all, he knows how to challenge nature, how to dare against dangerous odds and even against reason. He knows how to reach for the moon.

That is Western man, and with these qualities he will succeed or fail. It is possible to look at the moon flight and

J. S. STEWART



MOON OVER LOS ANGELES' WATTS DISTRICT

shudder at the vast, impersonal, computerized army of interchangeable technicians who brought it about. It is also possible to see in this endeavor the crucial gifts for organization and cooperation that alone will make survival in the post-industrial age feasible. It is possible to look at the moon flight and be dismayed at the crass expenditure of money, sweat and time, the sheer materialist effort, the ultimate triumph of gadgetry, the unabashed hubris of technique. But it is also possible to see in it the genius that is providing the abundance to end poverty, and the order and precision that may yet bring peace—or at least bring it somewhat nearer.

The hope is conditional and still remote. The triumph of Apollo 8 cannot erase the irony that it is easier for man to go to the moon than to wipe out a ghetto, easier for him to travel through space than to clean up his own polluted atmosphere, easier for him to establish cooperation in a vast technological enterprise than to establish brotherhood on a city block. Yet as man has conquered the seas, the air and other natural obstacles, he has also at each stage, in a small way, conquered part of himself. Therein lies the hope and the ultimate promise of his latest conquest.

THE RETURN OF THE PUEBLO'S CREW

WHAT began as a bizarre incident on the high seas last January came to an end last week after an equally bizarre series of diplomatic maneuvers. Held captive in North Korea for eleven months, the crew members of the surveillance ship U.S.S. *Pueblo* were released and flown home to the U.S. The episode will not end there. The crewmen, some of whom said they had been beaten and tortured by their captors, now face a formal court of inquiry that will raise some serious questions. Did the *Pueblo* at any time stray

Starliner transports near Seoul for the long flight to San Diego, where the Navy had assembled their families from all over the U.S. One day before Christmas, the big jets landed at Miramar Naval Air Station, taxiing up to nestle their big black noses against ropes holding back the crewmen's families. The men disembarked, Bucher in the lead. "It's so great, You'll never know how great it is," he called out as he limped toward his wife. Then he embraced her for a long moment, tears running down his cheeks. When Hodges' coffin was re-

which said that 1) *Pueblo* "had illegally intruded into the territorial waters of the Democratic People's Republic of Korea on many occasions," 2) the U.S. "solemnly apologizes for grave acts of espionage," and 3) *Pueblo's* crew members "have confessed honestly to their crimes." The U.S. said one thing, then signed quite another.

U.S. Admission. "I know of no precedent in my 19 years of public service," Secretary of State Dean Rusk admitted in describing what he called the "strange procedure" that led to the release of *Pueblo's* 82 crewmen. For a long period after the vessel's capture, no progress was made in negotiating her crew's release. The first breakthrough did not come until Sept. 30, after a long summer of hassling. The North Koreans agreed in principle to set the crew free once the U.S. signed a satisfactory paper. Notes one U.S. negotiator: "The most they had been willing to do before was to say, 'If you sign the document, then we can talk about the release of the crew.'"

The U.S. then revived what came to be called "the overwrite proposal," used once before to free American helicopter crewmen who fell into North Korean hands: the U.S. would sign, giving the North Koreans the American admission they wanted, but would simultaneously denounce the agreement, thus saving U.S. face. The North Koreans did not say yes at once, but they did not say no. On Dec. 17, during the 26th meeting on the *Pueblo*, a Dec. 23 deadline was set for release of the crew. There would be no further discussions under the Johnson Administration.

Moral Position. The North Koreans probably concluded that they had little to gain by keeping *Pueblo's* crew captive any longer. Two days later, Pak announced impressively: "Now we have reached agreement." Bizarre as the U.S. ploy had been, Rusk insisted: "The simple fact is that the men are free, and our position on the facts of the case is unchanged."

Predictably, Communist propagandists ballyhooed the agreement as "an ignominious defeat for the U.S. imperialist aggressors" and ignored the disclaimer. Whatever use the Communists chose to make of the solution, the U.S. had backed itself into an awkward corner. A high-ranking U.S. representative had openly said his signature was worthless. If the Navy tries to punish any of *Pueblo's* crew for signing "confessions," an obvious defense is that the U.S. Government itself has done exactly that.

Back Pay. If there was concern in Washington, there was joy in San Diego. The crewmen were installed in a four-story pink stucco building normally used by students at the Navy's Hospital Corps school; their families checked into the El Cortez Hotel atop a hill in the city's center, their bills to



COMMANDER BUCHER ON ARRIVAL IN SAN DIEGO

"You'll never know how great it is."

into North Korean waters? Should the ship have been surrendered without a fight? Why did the men sign "confessions" that they had spied?

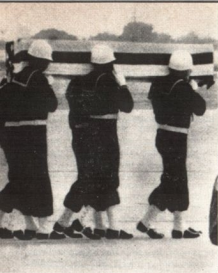
It was a chilly, hazy morning last week when the men walked one by one through light snow that dusted the 250-ft. Bridge of No Return from North to South Korea. In quilted blue coats, grey shirts, flannel trousers and white-soled black sneakers, the 82 surviving crew members filed over the bridge at ten-foot intervals. The body of the 83rd, Fireman Duane Hodges, mortally wounded during the hijacking by North Korean patrol boats, was brought to mid-bridge in a North Korean ambulance and his coffin transferred to a waiting U.S. truck.

Led by *Pueblo's* skipper, Commander Lloyd Bucher, who looked a decade older than his 41 years, they were bundled into three olive-drab U.S. Army buses and driven to the United Nations Command's advance camp in the Korean demilitarized zone. They were fed and given field jackets and toilet kits. Eventually pronounced fit to travel to the U.S., they boarded two giant C-141

moved from the lead plane, the happy families abruptly fell silent while a band played the Navy Hymn.

Yes and No. The prisoners' long-sought release came only hours after the enactment of a scene that belongs in the weirder annals of diplomacy. In the one-story hut in Panmunjom that has seen hundreds of meetings since the 1953 truce that ended the Korean War, U.S. Army Major General Gilbert H. Woodward sat down opposite North Korean Major General Pak Chung Kuk. "The position of the U.S.," said General Woodward, the top U.N. member of the armistice commission, "has been that the ship was not engaged in illegal activities, that there is no convincing evidence that the ship at any time intruded into territorial waters claimed by North Korea, and that we could not apologize for actions we did not believe took place." He added: "My signature will not and cannot alter the facts. I will sign the document to free the crew and only to free the crew."

With that, he put his name to a document prepared by the North Koreans



DUANE HODGES' HOMECOMING
And then abrupt silence.

had." The most famous example: a North Korean photograph of the crew, with some of them visibly giving the photographer what was variously interpreted as the word "help" in sign language and the well-known U.S. sign of disrespect (TIME, Oct. 18). One crewman wrote his family that his captors were gentle people, the nicest he'd seen since his last visit to St. Elizabeth's—a U.S. mental hospital in Washington, D.C.

Fresh details about the circumstances of the *Pueblo's* capture came to light. Navy officers said the vessel had secret orders to remain at least 13 miles from North Korean territory and at least 500 yards from any Soviet ships that she might encounter during her mission in the Sea of Japan. The Navy maintained that when a North Korean sub-chaser and three torpedo boats surrounded the U.S. ship, she was lying dead in the water, 16 miles from land, conducting tests. Before and during the boarding, the Koreans opened fire, wounding Bucher and felling ten crewmen, including Hodges. The U.S. crew desperately tried to destroy the highly classified equipment and documents aboard *Pueblo* but, Bucher conceded, "truthfully we did not complete it."

Bucher said he surrendered the ship "because it was nothing but a slaughter out there." It was not unusual for North Korean boats to harass U.S. spy ships and then suddenly vanish, so Bucher felt no particular concern when they first appeared on the day of the seizure. He had orders not to uncover his

three .50-cal. machine guns; there was thus no way to fight back.

Six Miles Aground. *Pueblo's* navigator and executive officer, Lieut. Edward Murphy Jr., told of his success at befuddling a North Korean army officer about where the ship had been. In a part of the *Pueblo's* log that was destroyed by the North Koreans, two entries showed the ship to have covered 500 nautical miles in twelve minutes—which would have required a speed of 2,500 knots. *Pueblo*, a converted freighter, has a maximum speed of 12.2 knots. North Korean charts gave pairs of coordinates for *Pueblo's* position just before capture that would have put the ship variously 32 miles inland in North Korea, and six miles aground on the Japanese island of Kyushu—400 miles from the spot where *Pueblo* was captured. "Maybe the army doesn't do much navigating there," said Murphy.

In the next two weeks, *Pueblo's* crewmen will undergo further physical examinations and searching debriefing by naval intelligence experts. In the subsequent court of inquiry, the questions of how the men reacted in captivity and whether their behavior was consistent with the provisions of the military Code of Conduct (see box) will be raised.

Pueblo is doubtless still tied up in North Korea, some of her electronic gear smashed by the crew, some of it still intact. The U.S., wholeheartedly relieved to have the men back, seems to have given up hope of her return.

be paid with a \$40,000 fund raised by the San Diego Chamber of Commerce. The men got some \$200,000 in back pay and promptly unloaded some of it in the PX, opened for an hour despite the holiday. After a Christmas dinner, Bucher read a message from the families of Apollo 8's astronauts: "Your reunion has brought great joy into our hearts this Christmas Day." The *Pueblo* crew members reciprocated. After the space capsule's successful splashdown, they sent the three astronauts a telegram reading: "Although we 82 tried to monopolize the headlines, you three were just too much. We gladly relinquish the limelight."

Off and on, often reluctantly, the crewmen spoke of their captivity. There was even one light moment. Seaman Edward Russell said one North Korean guard asked him, "Do you have a car?" "Yes," Russell replied, "You lie!" the guard blurted, "President Johnson has all the cars!"

The North Koreans threatened and often beat the men in order to extract "confessions." At one point, said Bucher, "they threatened to commence shooting the most junior members of my crew." He added: "I was rarely beaten in the face because I was subjected to a lot of camera ordeals, and they wanted me to look at least presentable. But this didn't prevent them from caving in my ribs, or kicking me in the tailbone to the point where I was almost unable to walk for weeks."

Treatment Worsened. Bucher said one of his men had been clubbed repeatedly with a four-by-four timber only a week before their release. Bradley Crowe, 21, a communications technician third class, said treatment of the crew worsened in September, when a U.S. apology expected by the North Koreans failed to materialize. Fed little besides soup and *kimchi*, a garlic-laden cabbage dish, all of the men lost weight—one as much as 70 lbs.

Throughout the ordeal, said Bucher, "we were trying to tell you we'd been

The Dilemma of the Code

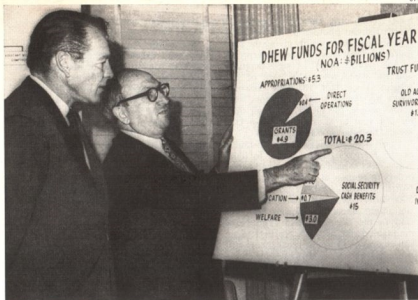
DURING the Korean War, brainwashing of U.S. prisoners by Chinese and North Koreans produced alarming numbers of forced "confessions," collaborators and turncoats. As a result, President Eisenhower issued an executive order in 1955 establishing a Code of Conduct for U.S. servicemen. Among its provisions:

- ▶ *I will never surrender of my own free will. If in command, I will never surrender my men while they still have the means to resist.*
- ▶ *If I am captured, I will continue to resist by all means available. I will make every effort to escape and aid others to escape. I will accept neither parole nor special favors from the enemy.*
- ▶ *When questioned, should I become a prisoner of war, I am bound to give only my name, rank, service number and date of birth. I will evade answering further questions to the utmost of my ability. I will make no oral or written statements disloyal to my country and its allies, or harmful to their cause.*

Since the code was adopted, it has not been applied in a single case. It was not used, for example, against

two captured soldiers who were cleared of charges that they made anti-U.S. statements before they were freed by the Viet Cong in 1965. The Navy's dilemma over the *Pueblo* incident sharply underlines the code's shortcomings. The code cannot be enforced, since it carries no penalties; such offenses as informing and revealing classified information to the enemy are indeed punishable, but under the Uniform Code of Military Justice, not under the Code of Conduct. But if the Code of Conduct cannot be applied, particularly in as well-publicized a case as *Pueblo*, it will soon become a dead letter.

The Defense Department insists that the Code of Conduct is "militarily binding." Most authorities, however, agree with a naval judge advocate, Captain Gale Krouse, who argued otherwise last week in San Diego. Pointing out that the Code of Conduct is not part of the U.C.M.J., Krouse said: "Failure to observe the guidelines of this executive order is not in my mind a criminal offense." In any event, finding a middle course between the needs of military discipline and compassion for the plight of prisoners of war will be a difficult job of legal navigation.



FINCH BEING BRIEFED BY OUTGOING SECRETARY COHEN

The Old Administration: Getting in Some Last Licks

A DECEPTIVE atmosphere pervades Washington whenever one Administration gives way to another. Power seems to ebb steadily until the incumbents appear to be little more than caretakers. Yet, until Jan. 20, Johnson and his lieutenants retain considerable authority. By exercising it, the Democrats can create commitments—and problems—that will affect Richard Nixon for months or perhaps years to come.

Since November, foreign-policy decisions have been subject to formal consultation between the old leaders and the new. On the domestic side, however, there has been some effort to create "plenty of momentum," as one Administration aide put it, to keep Great Society programs thriving.

Fundamental Change. Last week the Department of Housing and Urban Development gave the first operating grant—\$19 million to Seattle—under the Model Cities program, which was enacted in 1966. Twenty other grants are anticipated this month. Similarly, the Labor and Defense Departments last month expanded their Concentrated Employment Program, which trains jobless men for posts on military installations. On all such spending programs, Nixon has indicated that he intends to conduct a full review.

At Health, Education and Welfare, Secretary Wilbur Cohen recently began a fundamental and potentially far-reaching change in federal policy governing the eligibility of relief recipients. At present, some potential recipients must undergo investigations of need that often prove demeaning. Under Cohen's proposed ruling, eligibility would be established on the basis of the applicant's

own declaration. Twenty-seven states already use this controversial practice, usually relying on spot checks to discourage fraudulent declarations. Cohen has not yet issued a formal ruling to make the system nationwide, but he is likely to do so—and that would pose a serious problem for his successor, Robert Finch. If Finch were to reverse the ruling, he would surely enrage the liberals who have been arguing for the change for years. If he were to enforce it, he would anger critics of the welfare program who believe that the change would only encourage widespread fraud.

Northern Issue. Another problem concerns the enforcement of school desegregation. Until recently, Washington has been using its punitive powers against school districts in the South, withholding federal subsidies from 113 of them for failure to comply with HEW guidelines. Now the Government is considering similar action against one school district in Middletown, Ohio, and another in Union Township, N.J., both of which stand to lose their subsidies if they do not meet federal integration requirements. At present, HEW has 63 investigators in the South and only 40 in the rest of the country. By mid-January, the number outside the South will be increased to 68; investigations in nearly 40 Northern jurisdictions are under way. The entire issue of desegregation guidelines will be an extremely touchy one for Nixon, who was elected with strong support from the white suburbs yet would like to improve his low standing among Negroes.

At the Securities and Exchange Commission, Manuel Cohen—who is likely to be replaced as chairman after In-

auguration Day—hopes to launch a comprehensive study on the impact of mutual funds, pension funds, foundations and other institutional investors on the securities markets. The study has been authorized by Congress and endorsed in principle by Nixon. But during the campaign, the incoming President criticized Washington for its "heavy-handed" regulation of the securities field. Cohen fears that if he does not move quickly to get the investigation well under way, his Nixon-appointed successor will not press the study too vigorously.

At the Department of Transportation, Secretary Alan Boyd is putting through a change in procedure that would require states to hold two sets of public hearings rather than one before highway-construction projects can be approved. This would allow opponents of a given route more opportunity to make their case. John Volpe, Boyd's designated successor, has spoken against the change.

Lyndon Johnson is also being urged by some of his aides to present a list of major legislative requests to the Democratic-controlled Congress. Among them: comprehensive tax reform to close existing loopholes and modify the oil-depletion allowance; an expansion of child-health programs; and a new package of consumer-protection measures, including one dealing with the quality of eggs. Even if the President were to make the requests, the chances of enacting any of them before Jan. 20 are nil. But such a maneuver would give congressional Democrats a program to work with—perhaps at the expense of Nixon's.

Leave It to the New Boys. While a number of the outgoing Administration's final actions may seriously limit Nixon's flexibility, there is nothing legally or ethically improper about them. And although some Nixon aides may feel that there is an organized effort to make Nixon a prisoner of established policies, there is no evidence of a grand plot to this end. Some Johnson men, in fact, want to give their successors a bit of elbow room. The Budget Bureau, for example, has advised operating departments to leave to the new Administration any "moves, purchases and other actions that can be delayed."

With Jan. 20 and its problems almost upon him, Nixon was determined last week to enjoy a final period of privacy and relaxation. After giving Daughter Julie in marriage to David Eisenhower, the President-elect left frigid, flu-ridden New York (he had a mild case himself) for Key Biscayne, Fla. He has purchased adjacent homes there that will serve both as a winter White House and a legal residence; the Nixons are planning to sell their cooperative apartment on Manhattan's Fifth Avenue. Apart from a single meeting with foreign-policy advisers in Florida late in the week, Nixon had a family holiday, dividing his time between Key Biscayne and two privately owned islets in the Bahamas, Grand Cay and Mermaid Cay.

The New Administration: The High Cost of Serving the Country

HIGH federal office often brings fame to a man and, once he returns to private life, fortune as well. The successful businessman or professional entering Government service, however, may draw an official salary that is far less than the sum he is accustomed to paying in taxes. That is particularly true for many of Richard Nixon's Cabinet appointees, an uncommonly successful lot.

All twelve department heads get the same pay: \$35,000 a year* plus such perquisites as the use of a limousine. Yet to become Secretary of State, William Rogers is giving up an income in the \$300,000 range, derived from his law practice and his limited partnership in the Dreyfus Fund. David Kennedy (Treasury) has been earning more than \$230,000 a year, plus stock options, as chairman of the Continental Illinois National Bank and Trust Co. Maurice Stans (Commerce) has been grossing about \$250,000 as president of the investment-banking firm of Gloré Forgan, William R. Staats, Inc., and as a member of other corporate boards. Nixon Law Partner John Mitchell (Attorney General) has been earning more than \$200,000. Winton Blount (Postmaster General) is the nonsalaried president of the U.S. Chamber of Commerce, but his Alabama-based construction company has had contracts this year involving more than \$100 million. He says his personal income has been "several times" \$35,000.

* A congressional study group has recommended increasing this figure to \$60,000, with comparable raises for the President (from \$100,000 to \$200,000), Vice President (from \$43,000 to \$67,500), members of Congress (from \$30,000 to \$50,000) and sub-Cabinet officials (from roughly \$28,000 or \$30,000 to the \$40,000-to-\$50,000 bracket).

A Raise in Salary. Blount, of course, will unload his interest in the family company. So will another millionaire builder, Governor John Volpe of Massachusetts, who will head the Transportation Department. Volpe retained his chairmanship of the John A. Volpe Construction Co. while serving as Governor. He will sell his interest, which he estimates at about \$1,000,000, and expects to lose a quarter of that in taxes.

The third contractor in the Cabinet, Walter Hickel (Interior), put his private holdings, worth an estimated \$14 million, into trusteeship after being elected Governor of Alaska in 1966. Even if Cabinet salaries are not increased, Hickel stands to get a raise; the Governor of Alaska receives \$27,500. But he must give up his free mansion in Juneau. Michigan pays its Governor \$40,000, so George Romney (Housing and Urban Development) will be taking a \$5,000 cut. Romney's personal holdings are estimated at \$1,500,000, and have been in trust since he left American Motors to enter politics in 1962.

Even the two educators in the crowd face cuts in remuneration. George Shultz says that he will be making a "very substantial sacrifice" when he resigns as Dean of the University of Chicago Graduate School of Business to become Secretary of Labor. He will also have to give up income from directorships of Borg-Warner, the General American Transportation Co., and the Stein, Roe and Farnham funds. To become Secretary of Agriculture, Clifford Hardin will receive the same base pay of \$35,000 that he has been drawing as Chancellor of the University of Nebraska, but he loses his free residence.

Two other appointees not known for large wealth—Melvin Laird (Defense)

and Robert Finch (Health, Education and Welfare)—are nonetheless members in good standing of the affluent society. Laird, whose family owns the principal interest in a Wisconsin lumber company, has a portfolio of stocks held in trust and valued at something under \$1,000,000. He will have to liquidate stocks in corporations related to defense industries. But, says Laird, "This is not as great a problem with me as it may have been with previous Secretaries of Defense." His congressional salary is \$5,000 less than Cabinet pay. Finch makes \$25,000 as California's Lieutenant Governor. He estimates his net worth at about \$200,000, most of it in two California homes, other real estate and cash savings.

Blind Trust. Regardless of the size or nature of their holdings, all the Cabinet members—and other ranking appointees—will be subject to scrutiny by Senate committees when their confirmation hearings are held. To guide them on what to do with their holdings, the staff of John Ehrlichman, who will be Nixon's White House counsel, has prepared a *Reference Booklet on Conflict of Interest*. The 87-page pamphlet advises appointees to liquidate their investments and put the proceeds either into blind trusts—in which the beneficiary receives no information on the nature of the investment—or into diversified mutual funds. "We don't want any whiff of a question," says Ehrlichman. "No member of the Cabinet is going to know what he owns. They will get periodic reports of how their money is faring, that's all."

Nixon, whose net worth was estimated at \$500,000 during the campaign, has set an austere example for his subordinates, many of whom are far more prosperous. The President-elect had been earning around \$200,000 a year from his law firm until August. But as soon as he won the Republican nomination, he ceased drawing his pay.



HICKEL AT PRUDHOE BAY



VOLPE IN EAST BOSTON



BLOUNT PLAYING TENNIS



ROMNEY JOGGING

Eliminating even a whiff of question.

THE WAR

Conflicting Advice

He who is not sage and wise, humane and just, cannot use secret agents. And he who is not delicate and subtle cannot get the truth out of them.

—Sun Tzu, *The Art of War*

On the battlefield in Viet Nam and at the peace talks in Paris, the counsel of U.S. intelligence analysts weighs heavily. For it is as true today as it was around 400 B.C., when Sun Tzu wrote China's oldest manual of arms, that those whose trade is to uncover an enemy's secrets "receive their instructions within the tent of the general and are intimate and close to him." Yet when Richard Nixon becomes Commander in Chief, he will need an extraordinary measure of sagacity, wisdom, humanity and justice—not to mention delicacy and subtlety—to discern the truth in the reports prepared for him by Washington's intelligence operatives. As Inauguration Day approaches, the capital's cloak-and-dagger community is bickering furiously over Viet Nam.

Each group is preparing to offer conflicting advice to the new President. "Within a few weeks," an official predicts, "there is going to be one hell of a battle." At stake in what some observers call the War for Nixon's Ear is the direction the President-elect will take in his search for peace.

One group of analysts is convinced that the Communists, bloodied by 180,000 battlefield deaths so far this year, have battered themselves to the brink of impotence. If this reading is accurate, concessions can be wrung from Communist negotiators in Paris through astute haggling, reinforced by military muscle against a weakened Viet Cong.

But if a second group is right, no amount of tough talk is likely to budge Hanoi. While the pessimists concede that the enemy has been hurt, they insist that he still has plenty of fight left, with the will and capability for a prolonged struggle. The most drastic division of opinion concerns the part-time guerrillas known as hamlet guards. Pessimists set their strength at 250,000; optimists contend that they are not effective troops and should not be counted at all.

Optimism and Gloom. The intelligence quandary would be easier for Nixon to unsnarl if each segment of Government argued with one voice—with, say, the State Department citing political considerations to counterpoint the military contentions of the Pentagon. That has been known to happen. In 1963, after listening to conflicting reports from a general and a diplomat who had just returned from a joint mission to Viet Nam, President Kennedy was moved to inquire: "Have you two gentlemen been in the same country?"

Unfortunately, this time the Defense Department, the Central Intelligence Agency and the State Department are all split themselves. The State Department's Bureau of Intelligence and Research wears a gloomy mien that irks Secretary of State Dean Rusk and the optimistic deskmen of the East Asian bureau. In the Pentagon, the Joint Chiefs of Staff and the Defense Intelligence Agency are assembling a rosy picture of a seriously weakened enemy and a greatly improved South Vietnamese military machine, a vision shared by U.S. Commander General Creighton Abrams and his headquarters in Saigon. But the Defense Department's civilian-dominated Bureau of International Security Affairs is far more skeptical.

At CIA headquarters, a number of intelligence evaluators disagree with the optimists who report directly to Director Richard Helms on Viet Nam. The CIA does, nevertheless, unite to take potshots at the DIA's overly hopeful judgments. The two intelligence agencies are in such sharp discord that when Lyndon Johnson recently ordered them to come up with a figure on the size of Communist forces, they were unable to comply.

Futile Talks. In both Paris and Viet Nam, Communist actions last week served to confound optimists and pessimists alike. In a swampy paddyfield 50 miles northwest of Saigon, five unarmed American officers faced Viet Cong envoys dressed in grubby khakis during a 24-hour Christmas Day truce. Their futile talks, lasting two hours and 22 minutes, were supposed to deal with the release of three G.I.s. The Communists, who met with the Americans beneath a Viet Cong flag, seemed principally concerned with obtaining some form of U.S. recognition of the National Liberation Front, the political arm of the Viet Cong. The American prisoners remained in captivity after it was all over. The Viet Cong want another meeting in the same paddy at 9 a.m. on New Year's Day.

In Paris, negotiators from Hanoi and the N.L.F. seemed to be moving away from their previously intransigent insistence that the regime of South Viet Nam's President Nguyen Van Thieu must go. "If [the Saigon] Administration does not change its policy," declared N.L.F. Spokesman Tran Hoai Nam, "it will be overthrown by the people." The implication was that Thieu's government might be an acceptable negotiating partner if it softened its equally stubborn nonrecognition of the N.L.F.

There were signs that Saigon was moving in the same direction. South Viet Nam's flamboyant Vice President Nguyen Cao Ky, in a TV interview in Paris, stated that the Saigon regime might sit down with the N.L.F. to work out South Viet Nam's political future once Washington and Hanoi begin negotiations on withdrawing U.S. and North Vietnamese troops from the war zone. The new line was closely attuned to the views of Henry Kissinger, Nixon's White House Assistant for National Security Affairs, who believes that a two-track parley—involving parallel talks between the U.S. and North Viet Nam and between South Viet Nam and the guerrillas—may prove the quickest route to peace.

Table Talk. U.S. intelligence agencies, as usual, were at loggerheads with one another over the significance of the latest ever so slight shifts by both sides. The conferees in Paris remained at loggerheads too over the shape of the negotiating table around which they are to sit. That point has deadlocked the peace parley for almost two months, and last week the Communists announced that there would be no negotiations unless all parties sat down at a



U.S. NEGOTIATORS WITH VIET CONG NORTHWEST OF SAIGON
Principally concerned with wringing some recognition.



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round table. Saigon has balked at such an arrangement, because it would accord equal status to the guerrillas. Thus the squabble over the shape of the table—or tables—remained as far as ever from resolution. "It is likely," sighed one exasperated letter writer to the New York Times, "that the next winner of the Nobel Peace Prize will be a furniture designer."

RACES

Three Courtrooms

In courtrooms at opposite ends of the continent last week, black militants were the focus of attention:

► In Oakland, Calif., elusive Black Panther Eldridge Cleaver was scheduled to appear for the setting of a trial date on charges resulting from the shooting of two Oakland policemen last April. But Cleaver, who disappeared in late November when his parole was revoked, failed to show up. That left his wife and five friends holding a very empty bag. They have guaranteed Cleaver's \$50,000 bail, and unless he emerges within six months, the money will be forfeited. As the FBI continued its search for Cleaver, the Internal Revenue Service entered the act. The IRS filed a \$59,715.12 lien against him for unpaid taxes on royalties from his book, *Soul on Ice*, and lecture fees.

► In Elizabeth, N.J., after one of the longest and costliest trials in the state's history (16 weeks, \$750,000), a jury convicted two Negroes and freed eight others in the murder of Patrolman John V. Gleason Jr. In the midst of the five-day race riot in Plainfield in 1967, Gleason, 39, the father of three, shot and wounded a youth who had attacked him with a hammer. He was surrounded by an angry mob of Negroes and stomped, hacked and shot to death. Sentenced to life in prison were Gail Madden, 22, a 250-pounder, whom witnesses identified as the woman in a bright orange dress who stomped Gleason, and George Merritt, 24, who attacked the officer with a meat cleaver. Five of those who were freed had been identified by a witness whose poor eyesight made his testimony worthless. During the trial, some witnesses recanted their testimony, allegedly because of threats.

► In Trenton, N.J., the state's superior court reversed the 2½-to-3-year conviction of Playwright LeRoi Jones for carrying guns during the 1967 Newark riot. Jones claimed that Newark police planted two guns in his car. Without deciding the dispute, the three appeals justices ruled that Essex County Judge Leon W. Kapp gave a "devastatingly improper and fatally unfair" charge to the jury. Kapp had also sentenced Jones to 30 days in prison for contempt after the playwright reacted to a ruling from the bench with what the judge termed "an epithet descriptive of excrement." The superior court, maintaining that Jones had not been given an opportunity to be heard, also ordered a new trial on the contempt charge.

CRIME

Making an Impact

As 20-year-old Barbara Jane Mackle recuperated last week at her family's rambling Coral Gables mansion, a vast federal-state dragnet reached out for her kidnapers. Snatched from an Atlanta motel by Gary Steven Krist and Ruth Eisemann Schier and freed for a ransom of \$500,000, Barbara Jane was found buried under 18 inches of Georgia turf in a coffin-like box. Snorkels to the surface allowed her to breathe during the 80-hour entombment.

The first break in the case came when a West Palm Beach boat dealer re-

finally he paused to rest directly in front of them. "We turned the light on him, and there he was, crouched down on a log, just sitting there," said Deputy Milton Buffington. They found \$17,000 in his pocket.

Still missing at week's end was Krist's accomplice, Ruth Eisemann Schier, 26, a linguist and graduate student at the University of Miami's Marine Science Institute. She met Krist, an escaped convict working at the institute under the alias George Deacon, during a student-faculty cruise to Bermuda in September. He drew her into his scheme. As Krist's estranged wife recalled last week: "Gary doesn't want to lead a mediocre life.



BARBARA MACKLE & FATHER (LEFT)

It would have been hard to choose a worse mark.



KRIST AFTER ARRAIGNMENT

ported that a man calling himself Arthur Horowitz had bought a 16-foot outboard, paying for it with \$2,300 in \$20 bills that he carried in a brown paper bag. Horowitz was, in fact, Krist, 23, the organizer of the Mackle kidnapping. Serial numbers proved that the money was part of the ransom raised by the girl's father, Millionaire Builder Robert Mackle.

Through Canals. Hoping to reach the Gulf of Mexico, Krist threaded his way through cross-state canals. At the last lock along the 155-mile stretch, a suspicious tender called the FBI. Swiftly, a land, sea and air task force was mounted to track Krist down. With helicopters whirring above him Krist ran his boat aground on a crocodile- and snake-infested strip of Gulf Coast land called Hog Island.

He scuttled the boat, stashing aboard it a waterproof bag with \$480,000, then took off through the waist-deep swamp toward the lights of El Jobean, a tiny fishing village. He never made it. Two Charlotte County deputies stalked him until

He always wanted to make an impact on the world."

Getting the Word. He chose the wrong mark. Mackle, co-owner with his two brothers of the \$65 million Deltona Corp., is acquainted with some of the most influential political figures in the U.S. The FBI agents received orders directly from J. Edgar Hoover, while Florida state police were getting the word from Democratic Senator George Smathers. And Barbara Jane was visited last week by family friend Richard Nixon, who urged her to write a book about the ordeal.

Pamela Powers was not as fortunate as Barbara Jane Mackle. On Christmas Eve, Pamela, 10, went to the Des Moines Y.M.C.A. with her father to watch her brother in a wrestling match. She walked out to the lobby for a candy bar, and disappeared. Two days later, Anthony E. Williams, a self-styled preacher and accused rapist, calmly led police to a roadside ditch eight miles from Des Moines where her frozen body lay.

THE WORLD

ATTACK ON BEIRUT: ISRAEL'S BIGGEST REPRISAL

ALONE among the Arab states sharing borders with Israel, tiny cosmopolitan Lebanon had escaped direct involvement in the Middle East's frequent outbursts of hostility. Like Arabs everywhere else, the Lebanese of course paid lip service and tithes to the Arab cause against Israel, but they were far more interested in commerce than in aggressive politics. The Beirut government dutifully declared war against Israel during last year's Six-Day War—and sent two fighters on a sortie southward toward Tel Aviv. When one was shot down, Lebanon happily withdrew from the campaign, its duty done.

Last week violence came to Lebanon with a vengeance. In perhaps the single most audacious military exploit in their already spectacular history, Israeli forces swept down in helicopters on Beirut's busy international airport, through which thousands of Arab and Western tourists and businessmen pass each day. In 45 minutes, the attackers wreaked an Israeli-estimated \$100 million in damage. A dozen Lebanese civilian planes were destroyed or heavily damaged, hangars and fuel dumps set afire, all apparently without loss of life to either side. It was a swift, surgical and devastating raid, carried out in the most unlikely of places—and it once again raised the stakes in the Middle East, edging the area closer to another full-scale war.

It was also an action certain to bring down upon Israel fresh accusations that it overreacts to Arab provocations. The incitement in this instance had taken place only two days before, at Athens' international airport. There, a New York-bound Boeing 707 belonging to El Al, the Israeli airline, and carrying

41 passengers and a crew of ten had just moved away from its loading ramp when two men dashed onto the runway. Opening a canvas travel bag, they snatched out an automatic rifle and four incendiary grenades and fired a fusillade of bullets at the fuselage. They killed one passenger.

Fiery Mangled Metal. The gunmen carried leaflets from the Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine, the Arab guerrilla outfit that hijacked an El Al airliner last July. In Beirut, P.F.L.P. immediately distributed a triumphant communiqué identifying the terrorists as Mahmoud Mohammed Issa, 25, and Maher Hussein Yamani, 19. They now face possible death sentences in the Greek courts.

In accordance with a policy of holding Arab governments responsible for fedayeen terrorism, Israel quickly blamed Lebanon. The terrorists, said a Tel Aviv statement, had flown to Athens from Beirut's airport, and belonged to a group of Arab saboteurs based in Lebanon. "The mark of Cain is on the heads of the perpetrators," declared Israeli Prime Minister Levi Eshkol. The Middle East has learned to take such Israeli warnings seriously, and Lebanon braced for some sort of reprisal. It came within 48 hours, but on a scale no one would have dared predict.

After dark on the Jewish Sabbath, a team of Israeli commandos, their faces blackened, descended on Beirut international airport, located only five miles from downtown and on the edge of the city's suburbs. As an Israeli spokesman told it later, one group, equipped with smoke bombs, coolly set up a roadblock to keep Lebanese troops away. The oth-

ers, ignoring parked foreign-flag aircraft, headed straight for the planes of the country's lines: Lebanese International Airways, Middle East Airlines and Trans-Mediterranean, a cargo carrier.

Under orders to prevent bloodshed if possible, they ordered the stunned airport crowd away, using bullhorns and speaking in English and Arabic. Then they methodically went from plane to plane—one was a Middle East Airlines Boeing 707 just about to depart for Saudi Arabia—at gunpoint ordering passengers to disembark, then planting explosives under the wings. One after another, the aircraft were blasted into fiery mangled metal. For good measure, the commandos also set fire to hangars and oil-storage tanks.

Despite the explosions and the flames in the night sky, Lebanon's armed forces were curiously slow to react. Lebanese air-force jets were based only 40 miles away, but none scrambled to challenge the Israeli choppers. Some Lebanese soldiers did advance toward the Israeli roadblock, but retreated when the commandos fired warning shots. A mobile Lebanese anti-aircraft battery finally trundled up an hour after the attack began—and 15 minutes after the Israelis departed.

Home Unscathed. The commandos left behind an expensive rubble of metal. Lebanese authorities admitted to losing all the Lebanese-owned aircraft on the ground at the time, perhaps eleven in number. The Israelis put the figure damaged or destroyed higher, at twelve to 14 planes.

All the raiders returned to base unscathed, but Israel's image did not fare quite so well. The attack on relatively peaceable Beirut seemed a case of excessive vengeance hardly tailored to the crime of the two Arab terrorists in Athens. The pair happened to set out on their mission against an Israeli airliner from Lebanon—but could have started from anywhere. In any case, they and their extremist colleagues are now largely operating independently of all Arab governments. The U.S. State Department called in the ranking Israeli diplomat in Washington to protest the raid "in the strongest possible terms."

Phantom Timing. The latest round of provocation and reprisal indicated that if there is ever to be a break in the Middle East's deadly cycle, it is unlikely to be accomplished by the Arabs and Israelis alone. The mounting hostilities hold the threat of involving the U.S. and Russia, as protector-states of the combatants. The conflict has already drawn the superpowers into a renewed buildup in the area. Russia has refurbished the Arab armies at a cost of more than \$1 billion. Early last week, to redress the balance, the U.S. concluded negotiations to sell



BURNING LEBANESE JETLINER AT BEIRUT AIRPORT
Swift, surgical and devastating in the most unlikely of places.



BIAFRAN OFFICER CANDIDATES AT DRILL
Nothing to plant. Nothing to harvest. Nothing to eat. Nothing to suggest an early end to the war.



GIRL SUFFERING FROM MALNUTRITION

Israel 50 Phantom jet fighters; the timing of the deal's announcement had the virtue of drawing the Arabs' wrath to an Administration that will soon be out of office, instead of to President-elect Richard Nixon.

With the new Administration, the U.S. will have an opportunity for new diplomatic beginnings. Ever since Nixon's special envoy, former Pennsylvania Governor William Scranton, toured the Middle East last month and called for a "more even-handed" policy, the Arabs have been encouraged, rightly or wrongly, to hope for new understanding from the U.S. Egypt's Gamal Abdel Nasser wired Christmas greetings to Nixon, a gesture that he never accorded President Johnson, and there is widespread expectation that diplomatic relations with the U.S., broken off by Nasser during the Six-Day War, will be restored shortly after Inauguration Day.

Vital Interest. So deep are the wells of hate in the Middle East that perhaps no political leader could now withstand the consequences of a compromise settlement to end the mounting hostilities. If that is the case, says Charles Yost, who was named by Nixon two weeks ago to be his U.N. ambassador, "the necessary initiative can only come from outside"—preferably in agreement with Russia and negotiated through the U.N. That would represent a significant departure from U.S. policy, which up to now has been based on the premise that Arabs and Israelis should settle their own affairs. Writing in the January *Atlantic*, Yost argued that it would also recognize the fact that the "really vital interest of both powers in the area is to control and remove the grave threat to their own security." The events in Athens and Beirut last week underscored how increasingly grave the threat of a new war becomes with each passing day in the tense Middle East.

BIAFRA

More Help from the U.S.

Haunted by those pictures of starving children, their eyes bulging, their bodies bloated or match-stick thin, most Americans ask indignantly: Why has the U.S. not done more to relieve such suffering? The answer, of course, is that starvation has been a calculated weapon in the civil war between federal Nigeria and secessionist Biafra. The Nigerians are fearful that arms will flow into Biafra under the cover of relief shipments and therefore insist that aid be shipped in under their supervision. The Biafrans reject such terms because they fear foul play by the federals. The U.S. has been distressed by the Biafrans' plight, but it wants to see Nigeria survive as a unified nation; so Washington has hung back from overt aid. U.S. Government relief—\$17 million to date—has been channeled through private and religious organizations.

But in recent weeks Washington's attitude has altered. Alarmed by the possibility of a vast famine that could kill thousands of Biafra's 7,000,000 people in the next three months, the Administration has decided on a more active role, one that may funnel \$20 million more in relief into Biafra by the end of the fiscal year.

Last week the U.S. announced it was making available to a consortium of church relief groups four giant C-97 Stratofreighter cargo planes, and another four to the International Red Cross. The relief groups will get the aircraft—each capable of hauling 18 tons of cargo—at the bargain price of about \$4,000 apiece, with the proviso that the planes are to be used exclusively for shipment of food and medical supplies to noncombatants. The decision to make the planes available was the result of pleas by a number of private in-

dividuals and church organizations. Also crucial was Senator Edward Kennedy's active lobbying with the State Department on behalf of stepped-up relief measures.

Greater Pressure. While U.S. officials insist that offer of the planes does not constitute a major change in policy, the move seems certain to increase U.S. pressure on the warring sides for a peaceful settlement. It will also be a spur to other nations to contribute more relief and reduce arms shipments to Nigeria and Biafra. The new U.S. initiative is based on the projection that, if mass famine is to be averted, Biafra should be receiving 40,000 to 50,000 tons of food a month. Only an estimated 3,000 to 4,000 tons now reach the territory via a clandestine nighttime airlift sponsored by relief organizations.

The new famine threat—unlike *kwa-shiorkor*, the debilitating protein deficiency that threatened Biafra earlier this year—stems from a shortage of carbohydrate staples such as yams. The Biafran government is attempting to prevent the worst by urging farmers to plant more rice, but the outlook is grim. "The stocks will be gone by January," says an aide to Lieut. Colonel Odu-megwu Ojukwu, Biafra's leader. "There is nothing to plant and nothing to eat in the lean months from May to September. Nor will there be a harvest next September."

Nor does there seem to be an end in sight to the war. Ojukwu declared an eight-day Christmas truce, and the federal government in Lagos countered with a one-day holiday cease-fire. The much heralded final push by the federals has yet to come; although harassed by stepped-up bombing raids, the Biafrans, with a ready supply of French arms, have consolidated their military position to the point where the war is virtually stalemated.

FRANCE'S MELANCHOLY MOOD

FRANCE last week seemed all too normal. In keeping with his holiday habits, President Charles de Gaulle was at his country home in the quiet village of Colombey-les-Deux-Eglises in eastern France. His Premier, Maurice Couve de Murville, was on the Riviera, trying to extract some warmth from the pale Mediterranean sun. Brigitte Bardot was in the Alps, along with thousands of other French women and men who had trooped to the ski slopes in record numbers. *Le tout Paris* was caught up in a frenzied swirl of parties and balls that surprised even veteran socialites. "I have never seen such a social season," the Duke of Windsor told friends. "We have been going nonstop for weeks, and there is no sign of a letup."

The glitter and the gaiety were deceptive—or perhaps slightly manic. Six months after the riots that rattled the foundations of De Gaulle's Fifth Republic and five weeks after a monetary crisis that threatened to bring down the franc, France remains troubled and uneasy. Prices are rising. So are taxes, as a part of De Gaulle's new austerity program. Unrest continues to ripple across France's universities and factories, the centers of last spring's upheavals. All over the country, Frenchmen are worried that fresh economic crises or new disorders may break out. Some questioned the ability of De Gaulle and Premier Couve de Murville to cope with a new onset of troubles. The uneasiness extends into the top echelons of De Gaulle's party. Says Gaullist Secretary-General Robert Poujade: "France is sailing between anarchy and fascism."

Things are probably not quite that bad; the French have a taste for hyperbole. But the big Bordeaux daily Sud-

Ouest found that 66.2% of its readers polled were pessimistic about how France and its people would fare in 1969. Sensing the country's disquiet, De Gaulle conceded to his ministers at a recent Cabinet meeting that "the atmosphere in France is melancholic."

Effective at Mystifying. To a large degree, De Gaulle has only himself to blame. In June's national elections, French voters gave Gaullists the first absolute majority granted any French party in the National Assembly in nearly a century. However, as former Finance Minister Valéry Giscard d'Estaing last week put it, "The results of the elections did not show an expression of confidence but a need for confidence." De Gaulle, now 78, has of late seemed to lose his ability to provide the forceful leadership France requires. "In the country of Louis XIV, to be governed means to have a father," wrote *L'Express*, adding, "France has discovered that it has only a grandfather."

Part of the problem rests with De Gaulle's choice of Premiers. Shortly after the election landslide, De Gaulle summarily replaced his longtime Premier, Georges Pompidou, whose air of solidity and jovial good sense appealed to French voters. His replacement, former Foreign Minister Couve de Murville, was highly effective at mystifying and icily putting down foreign diplomats. He is far less effective at reassuring French voters. Couve is, in fact, what one of his rivals calls "too Anglo-Saxon." In other words, the Premier, who is a member of France's Protestant minority, is too austere, cool and reserved to inspire much sense of confidence in the French people. At De Gaulle's behest, Couve went on the

REPORTERS ASSOCIATES



BRIGITTE BARDOT IN FRENCH ALPS
More manic than merry.

dio last month to try to cheer the French. The most encouraging thing that the elegant aristocrat could offer was that "things really aren't all that bad."

Star of David. Though last spring's disorders revealed the depth of France's discontent, De Gaulle and his ministers have failed since then to find fundamental solutions. The government, in fact, has not produced a single new law that effectively gets at the roots of the inequities in French society. As the National Assembly's fall term came to an end, Pierre Lelong, a Gaullist Deputy from Brittany, complained, "I have to tell my voters what we have accomplished, but I don't know what to say. We haven't done anything."

De Gaulle promised France's restive students a voice in the administration of the universities and a complete overhaul of the archaic curriculum. Education Minister Edgar Faure has produced a reform law so vague that many educators doubt that it ever will be put into practice. The students remain angry and distrustful. Disturbances of varying intensity have erupted this fall at dozens of French universities and high schools. Last month, after riot police were stationed on the campus at Nanterre, where the spring disorders began, militant students pinned to their clothes the Star of David, just as the Jews of Nazi Germany had been forced to do, and taunted the helmeted police with cries of "We are all undesirable!"

Similarly, De Gaulle held out to France's workers the vision of a new economic order. In it they would share in both the management and profits of their plants. That scheme, which De Gaulle calls *participation*, remains nothing



STUDENTS BREAKING THROUGH POLICE BARRIERS AT NANTERRE
In need of a father with only a grandfather at hand.

ing more than a promise, partly because neither workers nor their patrons think it a very sound idea. Meanwhile, the workers have seen the raises they won as a result of last spring's strikes largely consumed by inflation.

Despite the dissatisfaction among students and workers, there actually is little likelihood of any new outbreak of disorders on the scale of those in May and June. For one thing, the students lack leadership. Daniel ("Danny the Red") Cohn-Bendit, their principal leader last spring, has been banished from France, and no one has taken his place. The students are now badly splintered into rival groups. When 1,000 militant students met last week in Marseille to form a common front against De Gaulle, they squabbled so badly that they could agree only on one motion—to adjourn. For their part, the workers lack both the will and the funds to go out on strike any time soon.

Twofold Malaise. In the more formal arenas of politics, France's opposition parties have failed to exploit the Gaullist shortcomings. Reduced by the Gaullist landslide to numerical insignificance in the National Assembly, the parties have turned inward on themselves instead of ganging up on the Gaullists. Split over the Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia, the Communists are preoccupied by internal feuds. The Socialists, who are still in shock from their election drubbing, seem psychologically incapable of regaining their old fire. Declares François Mitterrand, president of the Federation of the Democratic Socialist Left: "The Federation is more a victim of itself than it was of the elections." Last week, seizing on a drastic remedy, the Socialists disbanded their present party. In the spring, they hope to begin the organization of a new and more vital one.

Perhaps the Socialists, who only six years ago commanded 15% of all French votes, will rise again. The practical effect of the opposition's collapse, however, is the demise of any remaining parliamentary democracy in France, at least for the moment. That development alarms France's Centrist Party, whose leaders feel that the opposition's impotency reflects a deeper ill. As they see it, French society is losing its cohesion and direction. The Centrist publication *Facts and Causes*, for example, writes that "in reality, the malaise is twofold." Its reasoning: "The failure of the government has caused a political crisis. But the attitude of the opposition is indicative of a crisis of civilization."

On a more mundane level, France's political malaise has had direct economic consequences. At the moment, France

is seized by a giant buying spree. Fearing an eventual devaluation of the franc, Frenchmen are sinking their savings into goods. Two months ago, there were 10,000 color-television sets in all of France; now there are 70,000. Washing machines, record players and other appliances are being snapped up at a similar pace. Peugeot is receiving 500 orders a day for its most expensive (\$3,000) model, the new 504, even though it can produce only 200 a day.

Actually, the French economy is not as sick as many Frenchmen seem to suspect. Owing to tight currency controls, the huge speculative outflow of francs has been stopped. Some \$500 million in francs has returned to France in the past month. Furthermore, despite the franc's recent weakness, France still pos-



COUVE DE MURVILLE GOLFING ON RIVIERA

Too cool for confidence.

sesses some \$3.5 billion in gold and foreign currency reserves plus nearly \$4 billion in standby credits from the International Monetary Fund and her Western trading partners. Even so, the nagging worry remains either that the austerity program will bring on a recession or that runaway prices will force a devaluation to keep French goods competitive on the world market.

However the economy goes, the sources of France's malaise are mainly psychological. As Charles de Gaulle this week makes his annual New Year's Day television address to the French people, he will very likely attempt to conjure France out of her melancholy. It will be a difficult task, since many disgruntled Frenchmen at present feel that the avuncular oracle finally has lost his touch, his matchless rhetoric its meaning. But as he has often displayed in the past, De Gaulle, the politician of catastrophe, can be at his best when France is at her worst.

EAST GERMANY

Protest Beyond the Wall

When Warsaw Pact tanks rolled into Czechoslovakia last August, dissent erupted in a most unlikely place: Walter Ulbricht's rigidly controlled, Stalinist East Germany. The demonstration of protest was admittedly brief and feeble and went almost unnoticed by the outside world. Yet after years in which any kind of rebellion was virtually unknown among East Germans, a handful of students scarcely out of high school demonstrated solidarity with the Czechoslovaks and pleaded with their countrymen "not to remain silent."

Their protests were short-lived. Within hours, Ulbricht's efficient security agents hunted down and arrested the demonstrators. After eleven weeks in custody, at least seven of an estimated ten protesters were tried on "anti-state activities" charges last October and received prison sentences of up to 36 months. Two weeks later, however, they were paroled—apparently because the regime wanted to avoid making martyrs of them. But at least 200 similar cases are still reported pending before East German courts.

Pistols Drawn. In a series of rare interviews in recent weeks, TIME correspondents talked to some of the protesters, who told why and how they demonstrated. Shocked and distressed when they heard of the invasion on Aug. 21, they met that same afternoon—not, as in earlier meetings, to listen to rock music, but to discuss how they should react to events in Czechoslovakia. No real plan emerged, but that night two of them hung a Czechoslovak flag out of an apartment window, then painted the word Dubček on the walls of East Berlin's Staatsbibliothek. They were caught a few hours later.

In the meantime, other students typed out about 500 handbills calling for "Freedom for Red Prague" and began distributing them near the Friedrichstrasse station, one of East Berlin's busiest districts. They stuck the pamphlets on car windshields and stuffed them into apartment-house mailboxes. Two cops using a police dog finally caught up with two of the protesters, both girls, by following the trail of pamphlets stuck onto parked cars. Pistols drawn, the policemen called for their quarry to surrender. When they finally did, the cops mumbled in embarrassment over their guns: "We thought you were men." While the girls were led away, a stream of handbills that one had tried to hide in her trousers trickled onto the sidewalk. Police immediately collected all the pamphlets in sight. Early the next morning, security agents woke everyone in apartment houses in the area, made them open their mailboxes and confiscated all handbills inside.

Pro-Socialist Position. The students link their suddenly active political involvement to the growth of the New Left in the West, particularly the emergence of West German radical leader Rudi

("Red") Dutschke. "Our politicization started less than two years ago with Dutschke as its primary personification," says one earnestly. "He—and Prague—changed a simple, reactionary, anti-state attitude into a pro-Socialist position." Their identification with Western radicals now reaches the point where they consider the trial of Beate Klarsfeld, a West German woman who slapped Chancellor Kurt Kiesinger at a rally two months ago, as "secretive and summary" as their own persecution. Their heroes are those of young radicals everywhere: New Left Philosopher Herbert Marcuse, Karl Marx, Mao-Tse-tung, Che Guevara. What they covet most from the West is not coffee, clothes or *Der Spiegel*, but pop posters, underground magazines,

eign Minister were numbered. Last week he finally lost his job.

An urbane politician who headed Poland's Socialist Party before the Stalinist takeover, Rapacki spent most of his twelve years as Foreign Minister trying, with some success, to take the rough edges off his government's Soviet-dictated foreign policy. His major contribution was the so-called Rapacki plan of 1957, in which he proposed to the U.N. that all atomic weapons be prohibited in Central Europe, including East and West Germany. It was rejected by the U.S. for lack of adequate guarantees, but may have helped pave the way for the 1968 nuclear nonproliferation treaty. Rapacki's recent position was weakened not only by refusing to

my is very nearly at a standstill. The standard of living has risen only fractionally since 1956. The press is full of complaints about shoes that disintegrate in the rain and other examples of shoddy production. Many workers are so indifferent about their jobs that special police squads are needed to round them up at bars in the morning.

In the biggest economic shake-up of Gomulka's reign, Jedrychowski's No. 2 man and two Deputy Premiers concerned with economic affairs were given other jobs. Appointed to the planning commission were three outside men—including a new chairman, Economist Jozef Kulesza—whose views appear to be more flexible than those of their predecessors. In addition, Politburo Member Boleslaw Jaszczuk was given the task of overseeing all economic development in Poland. Whether the new men can engineer the sweeping changes that Poland really needs remains to be seen. But the switches seem to indicate that the regime has finally admitted the bankruptcy of the status quo.



NEW FOREIGN MINISTER JEDRYCHOWSKI
No change in the fervor.

New Left literature. They dutifully add, however, that "first we must read the classics, Marx and Lenin."

They are by no means anti-Communist. Says one: "Make no mistake about it: we consider ourselves loyal citizens of the German Democratic Republic and we want to live in a socialist world." But they want a more democratic system and a less authoritarian one—desires that Walter Ulbricht is hardly going to grant them.

POLAND

Government Shuffle

At the height of the Polish government's campaign of anti-Semitism last year, a top security official handed Foreign Minister Adam Rapacki a list of 14 Jewish diplomats with instructions to fire them. The charge: all were "politically unreliable" because of their Jewish backgrounds. Rapacki refused to go along with the purge, which he correctly viewed as an attempt to get rid of his own moderate allies in the ministry. When the demand was repeated, he reportedly added his own name to the list, then stormed out of the room. From that day on, Rapacki's days as For-

go along with the campaign against Jews, which other leaders, including Party Boss Wladyslaw Gomulka, joined only reluctantly, but also by opposing Poland's role in the Czechoslovak invasion.

Torpid Bureaucracy. Poland's new Foreign Minister is Stefan Jedrychowski, 58, a Politburo member and head of the state planning commission for the past twelve years. As an officer of the Soviet-sponsored political group that Stalin imposed on Poland in 1944—and a trusted Gomulka lieutenant—Jedrychowski can be expected to change none of the pro-Moscow fervor of Poland's foreign policy. But change may be in store for the nation's flailing economy now that Jedrychowski has left its top planning post.

Poland's foremost economists have long pleaded for reforms that would encourage promising light industries, introduce the profit incentive to both management and labor, and decentralize the huge, torpid bureaucracy that rules the country's industry. As long ago as 1957, Jedrychowski announced that the state had agreed to those reforms "in principle." In practice, he and most other top policy-makers never got around to doing much about them—and Poland's econo-

JAPAN

Cutting Back the Bases

In the 23 years since the end of World War II, the Japanese have created an economic miracle out of the wartime ruins. To some degree at least, this progress was made possible by the American military shield; Japan has needed to spend less than 1% of its gross national product on defense. (The U.S. figure: nearly 10%.) U.S. military facilities are scattered across the nation's four main islands, and these have played an important part in the Korean and Viet Nam wars—as well as in guaranteeing Japan's safety. The U.S. presence, however, has produced severe problems as well as benefits.

For more than a decade, the American bases have provided an easy target of opportunity for Japanese radicals, who have been agitating for a U.S. pull-out for years. There are 148 U.S. military holdings in the islands, manned by 41,000 Army, Air Force and Navy men. An establishment of such a size has inevitably at times caused frictions with the civilian population. Since the end of the Korean War, Washington has made sizable reductions in the size of the permanent U.S. troop commitment—but the friction continues.

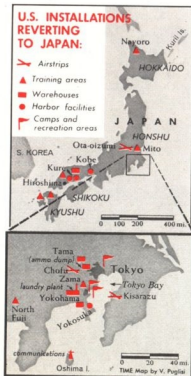
Prostitutes Descend. At the U.S. Army hospital in the Tokyo suburb of Oji, for instance, a scandal recently swirled up over the fact that recuperating G.I. patients had been seen slipping out of their wards to seek the companionship of the local bar girls. It was hardly a major issue, but a Tokyo paper trumpeted the story with a headline that shrieked: PROSTITUTES DESCEND ON OJI; PUBLIC MORALE ENDANGERED. Protest demonstrations blossomed at once. In a graver incident, an American reconnaissance jet last June crashed into a college computer center near the Itazuke Air Base. No one was hurt, but

another wave of demonstrations spread throughout the country. The jet's wreckage still lies on the campus; radical students have prevented its removal.

With the vital U.S.-Japan Mutual Security Treaty coming up for renewal in 1970, it seemed increasingly obvious that U.S. concessions to the newly re-elected government of Premier Eisaku Sato might be in order, if only to give Sato a stronger hand in calming the anti-U.S. protesters. Last summer, after the Itazuke crash, both Japanese and U.S. officials began drawing up a list of facilities that might be given up. When a formal Japanese request for a scaling-down of the American presence arrived, the Americans were ready for discussions. The result: last week the U.S. announced that 50 military areas would be returned, relocated or shared with Japan's forces.

The Power Remains. That sounded impressive, but the largest and most important facilities were not on the list, such as the giant airbases at Tachikawa and Yokota near Tokyo, the sprawling naval bases at Yokosuka and Sasebo in Kyushu. And many of the items on the U.S. roster were small indeed: a brace of tiny and long-unused airstrips near Tokyo, a handful of gunnery ranges, a maneuver area near the base of Mt. Fuji, a golf course and a laundry.

Clearly, the U.S. had not given away any substantial military potential. U.S. power remains, and so, unfortunately, does the bases issue. Indeed, there was concern in Tokyo that once the cut-backs take effect, they might well spark new demonstrations intended to force more sweeping concessions.



SIKKIM

A Queen Revisited

Trim and lithe, her rich brown hair flowing over her shoulders, America's only working queen strides the hilly lanes of her capital, Gangtok. As she passes by, the Sikkimese smile, nod and stop to chat, all formality forgotten. Hope Cooke, the shy Sarah Lawrence student married five years to the King of Sikkim, finds herself very much at home in the tiny Himalayan country. "The mountains," she says, "give me such a secure feeling. I don't feel vulnerable here."

Five years ago, during the elaborate ceremonies marking her marriage to Palden Thondup Namgyal, court musicians sang that "a flower of the West blossoms among us." Today it is clear that at 28 the whispery-voiced *Gyalmo* (Queen) has not only blossomed but put down sturdy roots as well. Her two children, Prince Palden, 4, and Princess Hope Leezum, 18 months, are thriving, and the *Gyalmo* almost singlehanded has succeeded in reviving Sikkim's long-dormant cottage industry. Sikkim now exports to the world, and two chic Manhattan stores carry deep-pile rugs and gold and silver jewelry painstakingly made by native craftsmen.

Royal Household. Hope's days are full. She rises at about 8 a.m., breakfasts on tea and fruit, and browses through the foreign newspapers and magazines to which the palace subscribes. At 10 a.m., her secretary enters, and the four hours until lunch are spent writing letters, devising menus and supervising the palace's 15 servants, who work in two shifts. She also keeps an eye on the family budget: the King's annual income is \$42,000, and fixed expenses of \$27,000 leave the royal household only a \$15,000 margin. After lunch, palace chores and social work keep her busy until about 4 p.m., when she breaks away for her daily stroll through Gangtok or perhaps a set of tennis. Evenings are usually filled with official functions, or private parties, and the royal family has a wide circle of Sikkimese friends. She likes a Scotch and soda before dinner—or "even after dinner," she confides—but managed to give up smoking two years ago. Her husband, the *Chogyal* (King), does not smoke either—he prefers to chew betel nut. Droll, fluent in English and forward-looking, he appears years younger than his age (45).

In the five years since he took control of the country, the King has concentrated on electrification and education, carrying forward many of his father's ideas. Under their leadership, the literacy rate has risen from 25% to 40%, and the number of Sikkimese children in school has quadrupled in the past decade. Government revenues have doubled, road mileage has tripled, and average per-capita income has risen by a third, to \$100 a year. This fall, however, monsoon rains set off heavy floods and landslides, causing \$28 million in



QUEEN HOPE
Roots for the blossom.

damage—14 times the kingdom's annual budget.

Palden and Hope spent a month surveying the damage, trekking across the mountainous landscape by Jeep and horseback. "It was an arduous month," she remembers, "but we had to see how bad it was and what we could do." Palden's policy is to visit each village in the kingdom at least once every three years, and Hope goes with him whenever possible, even visiting areas close to hostile Communist China.

No Great Splendor. At home, she dresses informally in the *kho*, the traditional Sikkimese costume, which is an ankle-length jumper that wraps around the waist and is worn over a blouse of contrasting color—cotton or wool for the daytime and silk in the evening. She uses cosmetics only occasionally and does her own hair—though she admits that she is encouraging a romance between a Sikkimese youth and a Calcutta hairdresser in the hope of importing the kingdom's first *coiffeuse*. She describes her home as "a poorish palace but a palace." It is a 64-year-old, two-story white stucco building with five bedrooms and a tin roof. In Gangtok, the family gets around in a white Mercedes convertible. On foreign trips, however, they make a point of flying economy class and often stay with friends. "It's no great Oriental splendor we live in," Hope observes.

The *Gyalmo* and *Chogyal* travel in the West for about two months a year, which helps to overcome any surge of homesickness, but Hope admits that she sometimes misses "cheese, the Sunday New York Times and the sea." Still, those are hardly important. Hope says: "My happiest times are right here in Sikkim. Being a queen is nice because it gives you a whole fabric, a structure, and because there is so much we need to do. I feel accepted, very comfortable, very inspired and completely happy."

PEOPLE

"They simply hate the winter weather, which makes them shiver even in their warm beds and turns a short walk into a Siberian nightmare. The gay capital they so eagerly looked forward to discovering seems so sullen and gloomy that they hardly venture from their hotel. They have so much to do, and the working conditions are so bad, that they are tired out in the evening and aspire only for the comfort of their lonely rooms. The local food they soon found tasteless, and the restaurants run by their own countrymen are too expensive." Murmansk in midwinter? Hibbing, Minn.? Or maybe Skagway, Alaska? No, Paris, as seen in a column in the Saigon Daily News noting the woes of South Viet Nam's delegation to the peace talks, led by Vice President Nguyen Cao Ky. The paper conceded, though, that plenty of people in Saigon would be willing to replace the suffering delegates.

Self-explanatory item of the week: "Las Vegas, A.P. Dec. 24: **Howard R. Hughes** celebrates his 63rd birthday today. The elusive billionaire industrialist's personal secretary and chief aides were unavailable for comment on his birthday plans."

She is a Dame Commander of the Order of the British Empire and is famed as an actress for her performance of Greek and Shakespearean drama. Now 70 and living in Southern California, **Dame Judith Anderson** has decided to take a fling at a slightly different role. In *A Man Called Horse*, she plays a Sioux squaw—even speaks her lines in the Indian language. The film stars Richard Harris as a British no-



JUDITH ANDERSON
Savages all around.

bleman who is captured by the Sioux and given to Dame Judith as a beast of burden. "I shouldn't call it a Western," she explained. "Dramatically, it is reminiscent of Homer. His Greeks were savages too, you know."

After retiring two years ago as political columnist for the New York Times, **Arthur Krock**, 82, found himself, well—not quite the center of attention as before. Then, while recovering from an ulcer attack last winter, he began to rap out a volume about his experiences on the Washington scene. *Memoirs: Sixty Years on the Firing Line* quickly became a bestseller. "Suddenly, I'm a celebrity again," says Krock happily. He can hardly keep up with all the speeches and TV appearances that he's been offered. What's more, he says, "I am thinking of doing another book which is entirely on the light side of life."

Never let it be said that Boston Millionaire Peter Fuller, 46, is not a horse's best buddy. When his great colt, **Dancer's Image**, was apparently disqualified as winner of the 1968 Kentucky Derby on illegal-drug charges, Fuller angrily launched a right to clear his horse's name—and incidentally that of his stable. Now, after weeks of hearings, Fuller has won a victory of sorts. The Kentucky Racing Commission has declared Dancer's Image the official record-book winner of the 1968 Derby. But the commission for some unexplained reason still refuses to award Dancer's Image the \$122,600 first-prize purse; that goes to Forward Pass, the second-place finisher. So on with the battle, says Fuller, planning yet another appeal. "I'm going to do all I can for my horse, whom I view as a friend."

When **James Pike**, former Episcopal Bishop of California, married for the third time two weeks ago, he was well aware that he risked the wrath of his church. So be it. His successor, Bishop C. Kilmer Myers, requested that his clergy not allow Pike to perform any priestly functions in the diocese. Taking up the gauntlet, Pike responded by celebrating Holy Communion at St. Aidan's Church in San Francisco on Christmas Eve. And when he introduced his 30-year-old bride, the congregation burst into applause. Said Pike: "Bishop Myers has no canonical authority to suspend me. I'm as much a member of the diocese as he is."

All she needed to complete the scene was for Fred Astaire to appear at dockside, and off they would dance to *Oh, You Beautiful Doll* while the RKO studio orchestra played on. Yet even without old Fred, **Ginger Rogers**, 57, landed in Southampton just as a superstar

CENTRAL PRESS



GINGER ROGERS

Just the dame for *Mame*.

should—still looking beautiful in a fur-hooded ensemble, waving and blowing kisses to scores of worshipful fans while a 55-piece band blasted out greetings. Ginger was en route to London for a year's run in *Mame*. When someone mentioned her \$600,000 contract to play Auntie, she sounded as if she already had the part down pat. "My attitude is somewhat callous to the sound of large amounts."

Today's youthful dissenters are accustomed to brickbats from the older generation. Imagine their surprise at receiving a bouquet from the Establishment. Wrote **John D. Rockefeller 3rd**, 62, chairman of the Rockefeller Foundation, in a recent article for the *Saturday Review*: "There is much to irritate and disturb the older generation. But there is also great potential for good. Instead of worrying about how to suppress the youth revolution, we of the older generation should be worrying about how to sustain it."

The four-day conference was billed as a "creative dialogue between sportsmen and scientists who share a deep and growing concern for vanishing wildlife species." Into Monte Carlo winged 300 of the world's leading sportsmen, wildlife scientists, game biologists, conservationists and professional hunters to demonstrate their concern by feasting, first off, at a sumptuous banquet on wild boar, pheasant, partridge and turkey. And on to the dialogue. One speaker, lamenting the wanton slaying of alligators, apologized profusely for the belt he was wearing. Alligator, of course. Equally well made was a point about the dangers that the fur trade poses to the world's great cats; on view among the ladies were eight leopard coats, two ocelot coats, a cheetah suit and a tiger jacket with matching handbag. Their hostess, **Princess Grace of Monaco**, even showed up splendidly attired in a coat made of wild mink with matching turban.



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VIROLOGY

Early Infection, Late Disease

Each year since the 1930s, an estimated 35,000 Americans have fallen victim to Parkinson's disease, or "shaking palsy." Each year, scores of the Chamorros of Guam develop some of the symptoms of Parkinson's, along with a form of muscle degeneration best known in the U.S. as "Lou Gehrig's disease." Just as regularly, hundreds of sheep in a score of different countries begin rubbing their backs against barbed wire, ruining their wool and revealing themselves as victims of scrapie. On North American fur farms, mink of many colors get sick with a sort of softening of the brain, while smoke-hued, so-called Aleutian mink get liver and kidney disease, with added symptoms suggestive of human arthritis. Each year, in the highlands of New Guinea, a hundred or more members of the Stone Age Fore tribe die of kuru, an incurable degeneration of the brain.

What do these diseases of man and beast have in common? Probably, says Dr. D. Carleton Gajdusek, a top researcher at the National Institute of Neurological Diseases and Blindness, they are all caused by extraordinarily slow-acting viruses—none of which has yet been definitely seen, even with the electron microscope.

Short Tests. To formulate such a theory, admits Gajdusek, is to call into question much of the traditional thinking of virologists. Generations of researchers have been accustomed to thinking of viruses as microbes that behave somewhat predictably. Typically, as in the case of measles, German measles, chicken pox, the common cold and influenza—of the Hong Kong variety, or whatever—they seem to appear from nowhere, spend a few days, or at most two or three weeks, incubating in the victim's body, then cause a brief, feverish illness.

A few, like the measles and polio viruses, may cause permanent damage. Others, like those of hepatitis and rabies, may spend months in incubation before they cause apparent illness. But these, it had been thought, were the exceptions. A researcher trying to indict a virus as the cause of a still unexplained disease has ordinarily injected his test materials into small lab animals and waited a few months. If none of the animals got the disease in that time, he killed them and wrote off the experiment as a failure.

That, Gajdusek says, may have been a mistake. Some of these delayed-fuse viruses may take years to exert their malign effects in small animals, and decades in long-lived *Homo sapiens*. Virologist Gajdusek, a human whirlwind who goes around the world half a dozen times a year, decided to become a model of patience. At the institute, he set up a long-range study program with a variety of animals, ranging from tree

shrews to sheep and goats, a dozen species of monkeys, and a number of forbiddingly expensive chimpanzees.

Age and Parkinsonism. His patience paid off. From New Guinea, Gajdusek brought back parts of kuru victims' brains. He injected some of the material into chimpanzees, and waited—for two years. Then the chimps began to show the wobbly gait, slaving and eyecrossing that mark the human disease. When they died, their brains showed essentially the same type of damage as those of human kuru victims.

It now seems certain that kuru was the result of a slow-acting virus, transmitted from one Fore to another by can-



CHILD AFFLICTED BY KURU IN NEW GUINEA
Theory to question all tradition.

nibalism. Women and children who ate the brains of tribesmen who died of kuru far outnumber men as kuru victims. Cannibalism was stamped out—or so the Australian government thinks—about twelve years ago. Gajdusek reports hopefully that there has not been a single case of kuru among children born in the past twelve years.

The opposite kind of age phenomenon occurs in Parkinson's disease, or Parkinsonism. At Massachusetts General Hospital, Neurologists David C. Poskanzer and Robert Schwab found records of only 22 cases in 42 years before 1917; since then, there have been more than 1,800 cases. Virtually all recent victims were born within ten years of 1897, and their age at the time their disease developed has been going up steadily—from an average of 34 in 1920 to at least 61 now. The Poskanzer-Schwab explanation: most recent Parkinsonism victims were infected during a 1915-26 epidemic of encephalitis lethargica, the virus of which disappeared in 1931. The virus may have damaged or lain dormant in the part of the brain that controls the movements affected by Parkinsonism. A telling point

in favor of their hypothesis: Poskanzer and Schwab can trace only one Parkinsonism victim born since 1931.

Mink and Man. To researchers, there are many suggestive similarities between scrapie in sheep and multiple sclerosis in man. Poskanzer has suggested that MS may be a late manifestation of a childhood infection similar to that of non-paralytic polio. Gajdusek sees a striking resemblance between Aleutian mink disease and a lethal congenital defect in partially albino children.

Gajdusek believes that slow-acting viruses may be to blame for no fewer than 30 human diseases of the nervous and muscular systems, some rare, some common. In the hope of explaining them—and thus, eventually, of curing or preventing them—he is weaving together all the seemingly disparate threads of disease in mink, sheep and men, and painstakingly amassing information for which earlier virologists would not wait.

TOXICOLOGY

Low-Calorie Sweeteners

There are so many weight watchers and calorie counters in the U.S. that each year they consume almost 1,500 tons of saccharin and 7,500 tons of cyclamates. The cyclamates come in liquid form or in tablets for use at home, and are dissolved in most low-calorie soft drinks by their makers. Are they safe? For years, the U.S. Food and Drug Administration thought so and recommended no limit on consumers' intake.

Last month, Food and Drug had a slight change of heart. On the strength of a report by a special committee of the National Academy of Sciences—National Research Council, the FDA took down the "no limit" sign and suggested that adults should keep down their consumption to five grams a day. For those using only the tablets, this should be no problem, since virtually all of them contain only .05 gm. cyclamate. The safety ceiling would therefore be 100 tablets a day. With the soft drinks, the problem is trickier. Their cyclamate content varies, but it ranges up to about one gram in a 12- or 16-oz. bottle or can. Since the FDA recommends that a 60-lb. child's intake not exceed 1.35 gm. daily, this means that two bottles of low-calorie pop could put him over the top.

Research to date has revealed no serious harmful effects of cyclamates in man. But far more interesting than what the FDA said was what it did not say. It made no mention of recent studies in its own laboratories in which a product of cyclamate metabolism, cyclohexylamine, causes breaks in the chromosomes of cells grown in the test tube. Injections cause similar damage to the chromosomes of rats. In terms of effects upon chromosomes in human beings—and therefore, upon future generations—no one knows just what this means. No matter how hard and fast the geneticists try to work, it may take years to find the answer.

THE PRESS

REPORTERS

Thinking Man's Shrimpton

One of the best dates to take to a New York party these days—or, failing such luck, one of the most arresting names to drop—is Gloria Steinem. Writers, politicians, editors, publishers and tuned-in businessmen are all intensely curious about her. Gloria is not only a successful freelance writer and contributing editor of *New York* magazine; she is also a trim, undeniably female, blonde-streaked brunette who has been described as “the thinking man’s Jean Shrimpton.” She does something for her soft suits and clinging dresses, has legs worthy of her miniskirts, and a brain that keeps conversation lively without getting tricky.

In the past six years, more than 40 articles in many magazines, including *Glamour*, *Esquire*, *Look*, *LIFE* and *New York*, have established her as a prolific and competent journalist. Escorted by the likes of Mike Nichols and John Kenneth Galbraith, she has become a quiet celebrity in her own right. Unmarried at 32 (her steady boy friend is TV writer Herb Sargent), she is one of the few fascinating singles left in the literary set since George Plimpton took the vows.

Bitter Division. No dilettante for all that, Steinem is a political activist whose subjective accounts in *New York* of the anguish of the antiwar left are among her best reporting. An early supporter of Eugene McCarthy, she switched to Robert Kennedy and tried to unite her friends in the two factions. “Because of preference for one or another of two men whose platforms were not very different,” she wrote, “friends no longer spoke to friends. Gossip about who had switched to whom politically was suddenly as juicy as who was having an affair with whom. But less tolerant.”

A ten-day tour with the Nixon campaign in 1968 produced a totally negative picture of the candidate (“When Nixon is alone in a room, is anyone there?”), but her interview with Pat Nixon provided a striking glimpse into Mrs. Nixon’s personality. Made uncomfortable by Gloria’s questioning about “what she identified with, other than daughters and husband,” Mrs. Nixon finally spoke, “low-voiced and resentful; like a long accusation, the words flowed out. ‘I never had time to think about things like that—who I wanted to be, or who I admired, or to have ideas. I never had time to dream about being anyone else. I don’t have time to worry about who I admire or who I identify with. I’ve never had it easy. I’m not like all you . . . all those people who had it so easy.’”

Gloria is now *persona non grata* among the Nixon entourage, but elsewhere she is in much demand. Her mail and phone calls one recent week included offers to: work as a woman’s newscaster on a national network, col-

laborate on setting her interview with Pat Nixon to music, write the introduction to a German movie on sex education, appear on ABC’s *The Dating Game*, work with a studio on a movie based on her life, and co-host, with Senator George McGovern, a fund-raising benefit for Cesar Chavez, the leader of the migrant workers in California. She turned down all but the last and spent most of the week in her Upper East Side brownstone writing an article.

Nice work for a girl who had no formal schooling until age 12. She spent her childhood wandering around the country with a jack-of-all-trades father who “had two points of pride. He nev-



STEINEM AT HOME

Personification of womanpower.

er wore a hat, and he never had a job. He was always going to make a movie, or cut a record, or start a new hotel, or come up with a new orange drink.” Her parents separated when she was twelve, and four years later Gloria went to live with a sister in Washington. Before that, she says, “I’d never lived any place to invite anybody home to. I thought that people always ate out of refrigerators.”

After graduating from Smith College in 1956 (scholarship student, government major), she went off to India for two years on a fellowship, then came home to work in Cambridge, Mass., for a group encouraging American students to attend Communist youth festivals abroad. It was revealed as a CIA-supported operation in 1967, but Gloria says, “I was happy to use the Establishment’s money against the Establishment.”

Bunny Tale. In the early ‘60s, some unsigned articles for *Esquire* and a job with Huntington Hartford’s *Show* mag-

azine launched her freelance career. A *Show* assignment to use a false name and get herself hired as a Playboy bunny really started her as journalist-celebrity. After a month as a bunny, she wrote an engaging and unflattering journal of the furry-tailed life. “For two years after it, all the jobs I was offered were the same kind of thing,” she now complains. “Everybody at a party would say, ‘This is Gloria Steinem. She used to be a bunny.’ It was awful.”

This spring, when Clay Felker revived *New York*, which had died with the *World-Journal-Tribune*, Gloria found her medium. Finally, she could write freely on sociology and politics. Says Felker breathlessly and in terms appropriate to a sort of junior Mary McCarthy or a Colette reborn: “She is a modern woman, independent and activist, a beautiful, intelligent, with-it, extraordinarily well-informed, first-class brain.” When she practices instant sociology, the first-class brain slips occasionally. Her recent “Notes on the New Marriage” between dominating women and homosexual men contained a fascinating idea, but was flawed by superficiality and sweeping overstatements (“In the land of camp and Conspicuously-Elaborate Consumption, the New Marrieds reign”).

She does better when she is not trying to be a female Tom Wolfe. Her new biweekly *New York* column, “The City Politic,” usually provides something extra, as when she discussed the city’s unions and concluded, “Nothing’s simple anymore. We’ll just have to distinguish between good unions and bad, between people living in the past out of stubbornness or out of dire necessity. If the city were sprayed with plastic right now, we would preserve samples of life from the past two centuries, with the transportation system representing the oldest thing alive.”

Though she has tried to get away from the “woman writer” tag, Gloria does not hide her feminine point of view. For the current issue of *New York*, she complains, in an essay about “Women and Power,” that in a society which sees ambition as somehow unfeminine, “most women will have to exercise their much denied but very much alive instincts for power through men for a while yet.” Happily, she forecasts a change in the future because “young girls are refusing to be emotionally blackmailed into domesticity.”

Meanwhile, New York writers and editors play the guessing game of “why doesn’t Gloria Steinem settle down?” Her response: “I always think I’m going to get married. The trouble is, I just don’t want to now. You can’t expect a man to give you your identity on a silver platter, which is what society would have us believe. That’s dishonest, and it has produced a lot of bitter women. Because I have work to care about, it’s possible that I may be less difficult to get along with than other women when the double chins start to form.”

NEWSPAPERS

A Rebel's Look at the Kingdom

In 1965, Gay Talese quit his job as a general news reporter on the New York Times. His byline was appearing with increasing frequency, and "I liked working there," he says. "But I felt stifled by the dullness of the writing they demanded in those years." He switched to magazine writing and quickly made a name for himself as a practitioner of the so-called "new journalism"—highly interpretive reporting enlivened with plenty of descriptive personal detail. His gossip profile of Times Managing Editor Clifton Daniel in *Esquire* became the talk of the publishing world. And thus began his backbreaking task of researching and writing the new-journalism version of the history of the Times.

Talese is now correcting galley proofs of the 200,000-word result, entitled *The Kingdom and the Power* and scheduled for spring publication by World-New American Library. In the book, Talese examines every aspect of the Times, measures its influence, analyzes its right to be called one of the world's greatest newspapers—if not the greatest. Whether he has succeeded remains to be seen when his book appears. In the January and February issues of *Harper's* magazine, he publishes advance excerpts running to 40,000 words, dealing mostly with the newspaper's power structure. Talese traces the control of the Times from Adolph Ochs, who bought the failing paper in 1896, to Ochs' grandson, Arthur Ochs ("Punch") Sulzberger, who at 42 is now publisher.

As seen by Talese, the Times is "a medieval modern kingdom within the nation, with its own private laws and values." The paper is "the Bible, emerging each morning with a view of life that thousands of readers accept as reality." Within the sprawling kingdom, several dukes jealously protect their own fiefdoms and young knights strive to develop their own. It is a kingdom filled with tension. "During the last few years a quiet revolution has been going on within the Times," writes Talese. "Older Timesmen feared that the paper was losing touch with its tradition and younger men felt trapped by tradition."

Greater Glory. Perhaps most startling is Talese's unflattering portrait of Executive Editor James ("Scotty") Reston, one of the best-liked and most respected journalists in the U.S., who is depicted as a master of corporate tactics and intrigue. Talese calls him a "Timesman in the old sense, a man emotionally committed to the institution as a way of life, a religion, a cult." As Washington bureau chief in the early '60s, Reston developed a first-class staff and a close friendship with the publisher, the late Orvil Dryfoos (husband of an Ochs granddaughter). It was virtually impossible for editors in New York to overrule Reston, even though some out-ranked him. "His artistry as an administrator could not be measured sim-

ply by the fact that he usually got his own way," writes Talese. "What was more interesting was that Reston's way, as he presented it, seemed solely designed for the greater glory of the New York Times."

Punch Sulzberger became publisher in 1963. A year later, he put a New York editor in control of the Washington bureau. Reston told Sulzberger that he could not remain bureau chief under these circumstances; Sulzberger responded by making Reston an associate editor, but allowed him to choose Tom Wicker as his successor. With an "awareness of corporate whimsy, his knowledge of how executive wives can sometimes bind the bridges that can more tightly bind their husbands," Reston suggested that the Wickers accompany the Sulzbergers on a month's visit to Europe. Ac-

lese figures, but the publisher's cousin, John Oakes, editor of the editorial page, remains in favor, "attacking issues with an aggressiveness that Adolph Ochs would have never tolerated, and sniping at important people once regarded within the Times as 'sacred cows.'" Oakes, says Talese, enjoys controversy and has "what amounts to total freedom" to provoke it.

Fascinating News. Times critics, says Talese, have similar freedom. When the Metropolitan Opera House in Lincoln Center opened in 1966, the Times' architecture, music, dance and art critics all took it to task. This pained many Times executives, anxious to promote New York City whenever possible. "My God, couldn't they find anything good to write about?" said the anguished Punch Sulzberger. Still, Talese empha-



ADOLPH OCHS (1925)



GAY TALESE



"PUNCH" SULZBERGER

Tracing the tactics of revolution.

cording to Talese's rather far-fetched account, Reston was betting that the trip would lay the foundation for a friendship that would eventually enable Wicker to maintain most of the bureau's autonomy.

Talese portrays Sulzberger as a competent young man anxious to centralize and modernize the Times to make it more manageable. Being "born to the title, he had grown up within the Times, had skipped through its corridors as a child. He was never awed by the great editors that he met there, for they had always smiled at him, seemed happy to see him, treated him like a little prince in a palace and he developed early in life a sunny, amiable disposition." According to Talese, Sulzberger lacks the ambition and anxieties that Talese dislikes in others.

Throughout the narrative, Talese analyzes the ambitions and anxieties of figures high and low in the Times hierarchy. Managing Editor Clifton Daniel's fortunes have declined under Punch, Ta-

leses that Sulzberger "expressed his feelings to a few executives, but there was no hint of restraining the critics."

Though he is in a sense a rebel against the old Times, Talese emphatically says that he is not trying to "get" the newspaper for any past grudges. "I was trained by the Times and when I left the paper I cried." He devoted nearly three years to the book not to even any scores but because "I consider the New York Times news. Fascinating news. It has been sitting in judgment of America for more than a century and it, too, should be looked at in detail with the same objectivity."

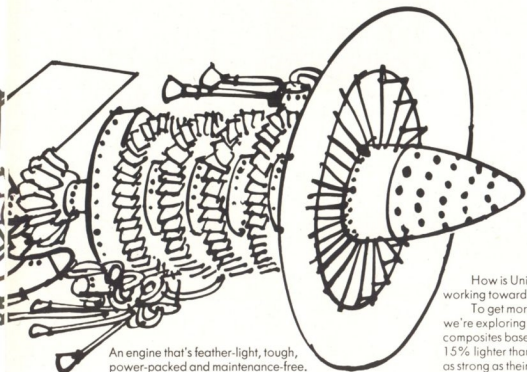
Talese's objectivity is certainly not objectivity in the old-fashioned Times sense. Highly sensitive to office politics and deeply suspicious of "tactics and intrigue," he sometimes overinterprets minor and innocent situations. His dramatic writing style, which makes the book fascinating reading, also gives it a tone too conspiratorial and Machiavellian to be really convincing.



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SPORT

TENNIS

That Special Feeling

Throughout most of his career on the tennis court, Clark Graebner, 25, has suffered from two ailments: a tight back and a loose lip. Two years ago, for example, after winning a berth on the U.S. Davis Cup team, he was dropped from the competition for the ungentlemanly way in which he cussed out a ball boy.

A week before this year's Cup matches against Australia Graebner's back was troubling him, and the nonplaying captain of the U.S. team, Donald Dell, announced that Graebner would probably not be one of his starters. In front of the other U.S. players, Dell scolded: "You're a quitter, Clark. You haven't got the guts to get back onto this team." The shock therapy worked. Suddenly, Graebner's game improved. After he had trounced two of his teammates in practice rounds, Dell changed his mind and named him at the last moment to represent the U.S. in the opening match.

With Graebner and Arthur Ashe, both of whom have bested some of the world's top pro players in the past year, and Stan Smith and Bob Lutz, who own almost every national amateur doubles title, the U.S. boasted its strongest Davis Cup team since it last won the trophy five years ago. The Australians, on the other hand, hurting because most of their top players have defected to the pro ranks, could only assemble a young, relatively green team, none of whom had any previous Cup experience.

Big Brother. Regardless, Dell was not taking any chances. In his first year as captain, the 30-year-old lawyer and former Davis Cup player (1961) was determined to restore some semblance of spirit to the team, which in prior years was plagued by dissension and a marked lack of enthusiasm. Acting as a strict but understanding big brother, he succeeded in his aim by imparting, as Ashe describes it, "this special feeling. Having him as captain is like having John Kennedy for President."

Graebner opened the Challenge Round in Adelaide, Australia, last week on a chilly, gusty day. Normally as taut as the gut strings in his racket, he played confidently, looking to the sidelines now and then for reassurance from Dell. At every crucial point, Dell leaned forward in his chair and turned the palm of his hand downward. Meaning: cool it, baby. Though he started haltingly, Graebner soon found his booming serve and defeated Australian Bill Bowrey 8-10, 6-4, 8-6, 3-6, 6-1. Ashe, as calm and poised as a man taking his morning constitutional, kept Southpaw Ray Ruffels puffing all over the court with his threadneedle forehand shots. Though he had to serve at three-quarter speed because of an ailing elbow, Ashe won handily 6-8, 7-5, 6-3, 6-3. As expected, Smith and Lutz downed



GRAEBNER BEATING BOWREY
Grown-up at last.

the team of Ruffels and Teeny-Lobber John Alexander, 17, in straight sets. In the final two singles matches, Bowrey upset Ashe, but Graebner outlasted Ruffels in five sets, and the U.S. recaptured the Cup with an impressive 4-1 victory.

FOOTBALL

The Men in the Striped Shirts

Dear Mr. Rozelle:

In our contest with the gentlemen from Dallas, that fine Cowboy running back, Mr. Craig Baynam, happened to fumble a kickoff return. We may have been mistaken, but it appeared to us that one of our players recovered the football. The referee, however, awarded the ball to Dallas. Of course, we in no way mean to impugn the integrity of our esteemed officials. Rather, we note this seeming discrepancy only in the interest of bettering football—and good sportsmanship—everywhere.

Respectfully,
Otto Graham
Head Coach, Washington Redskins

Ideally, in compliance with pro football's strict rule that all complaints about officiating be made privately and in writing, that is the kind of sweet demurrer Commissioner Pete Rozelle would have liked to receive from the Redskins' coach. Graham, however, chose the more traditional method of disputing a call: he blew his stack. He raged onto the field and threw a penalty flag at an official, and later told reporters: "The officials stole the game from us!" For such bad manners, Rozelle socked Graham with a reported \$2,500 fine.

If Rozelle seemed a bit testy, it was un-

derstandable. All season long, coaches have been berating the officials in boldly public ways. Occasionally they have a point. Recently, when one team of officials inadvertently deprived the Los Angeles Rams of a down in the closing seconds of a close game, Rozelle suspended them for the remainder of the season. In an earlier game, the same officials, who keep count of the plays by looping a rubber band around their first, second, third or fourth finger, lost track and had to call the press box to find out what down it was.

As the pros headed toward the Super Bowl on January 12, it was likely that the officials would come in for some more heat.

Rough Work. Who and what are these men who can make so much difference? There are presently 85 officials in the two pro leagues and they come in all sizes and shapes, says pro football's Director of Personnel Mark Duncan, "except fat. I'm the only fat person allowed around here." They are paid \$250 to \$350 for each of a dozen or more games a season. Though they work full time at jobs as various as pharmacist, policeman and bank vice president, their training for the game is extensive. Each summer they attend a week-long clinic climaxed by a six-hour written test. During the season, they are rated by the coaches as well as by Duncan and his staff, who take notes at the games and, after scrutinizing the films, send out critiques for the officials to analyze.

It is rough work. A.F.L. Referee John McDonough, for instance, who doubles as commissioner of athletics for Orange County, Calif., high schools, considers himself fortunate because he has suffered only a broken nose, finger, rib and toe while officiating. Besides side-stepping rampaging linemen, officials must also referee a few brawls. Says A.F.L. Official Robert Finley, vice president of Dallas' Aircor Inc.: "If you have a few players throwing fists, you can normally stop it with six officials. But when the benches empty, well, I just back off and run away."

While the officials must also suffer the abuse of fans, they get some of their worst knocks from the coaches. When N.F.L. Films placed a microphone on Atlanta Falcons Coach Norm Van Brocklin during one game, they had to discard much of the dialogue because it consisted of profanities hurled at the officials. His prime target was a man of Polish extraction who had recently anglicized his name. "You Polish son of a bitch," yelled Van Brocklin. "You may have changed your name, but you're still a Polish son of a bitch."

So why do sane men endure such a thankless job as officiating? It is not the money, they say, but the thrill of being in the game. Says N.F.L. Referee Bernie Ulman, a sporting-goods salesman who, like many pro officials, is a former college-football player: "It's the one good way of staying with football after you're too old to play."

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ART

SCULPTURE

Floating Wit

The yearly surveys of U.S. painting and sculpture staged by Manhattan's Whitney Museum have an enviable reputation for spotting new art trends. But the Whitney's singular problem is that it is committed to catholicity, determined to recognize the new and yet to support the established, blaze trails and still find room for tradition. The result is invariably a grab-bag display where the latest avant-garde creations nestle alongside traditional bronze nudes. For the 1968 annual, devoted to sculpture, the confusion has been compounded by a \$155,000 Ford Foundation grant that enabled five Whitney staffers to visit 30 cities and recruit a dozen-odd artists never before shown in New York.

As finally assembled, this year's show is more a mixture than ever. The outlanders seem to be neither distinctively regional nor stylistically innovative. But for those visitors with the patience to sort out the radical from the merely novel, there are some discernible trends.

The mood is down-with-stolid-solidity. The most interesting sculptures seem to float and fly this year, more than ever before. They hang from the ceiling; they are transparent, pock-marked or filled with holes, marked by a lightness and informality of both profile and spirit. In the main gallery, the viewer's eye is carried roofward by a giant Alexander Calder mobile that sways like a living totem, then diverted by a gently teetering pair of silver spears by George Rickey. Against one wall, Eva Hesse has lined up a row of 30 glistening clear fiber-glass half-box forms, whose intentionally

sloppy casting endows them with a bubbly effervescence. Charles Ross's Plexiglas prisms are filled with mineral oil, so that museumgoers see other museumgoers distorted through them, edged in rainbow spectra. Even marble seems to soar, at least in Minoru Niizuma's vertical marble column entitled *Windy Wind*.

Geometry is all very well, but it works better if it is combined with wit: witness George Sugarman's whirling yellow-green *Square Spiral*, which sends the eye circling dizzily through the empty hole of its central vortex. John Anderson has built an immense symmetrical flower-like wood carousel, calls it *Baroque*. Minimal forms still massively demand their unrewarding space, but they are countered by weirdly eccentric shapes that are frankly frivolous, at least unpredictable. California's William Geis, the gutsiest of the out-of-town recruits unearthed by the traveling scouts, displays *Perusal's Oar*, a leprously painted dream abstract crowned by a monster lobster claw. Another out-of-town eccentric, Walter McNamara from Reno, also displays an amusing work. His *Soft Ware with Non-Tongue Plaster* looks like nothing on earth except perhaps a telephone switchboard that some slap-happy electrician has partially torn apart.

Lee Bontecou's balloon-like form of mottled acetate looks as though, if loosed from its mooring, it would aloofly float up to join the subtly menacing cantilevered black H-beam that Robert Grosvenor dangles like a factory crane from the ceiling. The element of hostility is discreetly present in much other recent work as well. The most expensive—

and disconcerting—is that of Richard Artschwager, who has placed 100 oval blips made of wood, horsehair or simply paint on walls, stairwell, floors, benches, windows and other sculptures all over the museum. They suggest both furry puppy dogs and giant leeches, combining sardonic playfulness with an unspoken threat.

PAINTING

Changing Scenes of Childhood

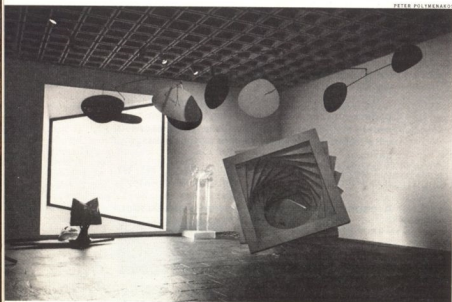
The holiday season is always a time when millions of Americans become doubly aware of the children in their midst. Stores, parks and theaters stage special displays and performances; so do museums and art galleries. In another sense, American children have been present in the realm of art all through 1968. The year has seen the emergence of an unusually large number of youngsters' portraits (see color pages). When taken together, these kaleidoscopic scenes of childhood tell an engrossing tale of the changing place of children in American life.

The Small Adults. In frontier times, every couple hoped for a host of children, both for company's sake in the wilderness and because many hands made light work—in the kitchen and on the farm. By the same token, children themselves were often thought of and treated as small adults. They were expected to milk cows or bake bread along with grown-ups and dress up for church on Sundays. The young *Girl in Red*, painted around 1838 by the upstate New York primitive portraitist, Ammi Phillips, has every hair and ruffle of her best dress in place, even though she still clings to her favorite white cat like any century's six-year-old.

As factories began to sprout, families migrated in ever-increasing numbers to mill towns and cities. While many impoverished boys and girls had to work in factories, most of middle America shaped itself into the image Mark Twain recorded. Childhood became a life apart. Bored with school, boys searched on the outskirts of town for amusement after hours, dreamed of living like Huck Finn, and this seemingly idyllic existence was celebrated in popular books and parlor paintings. But the more perceptive artists and writers—including Mark Twain—knew that idle hours were not altogether perfect ones.

Winslow Homer, a lonely youngster himself, was very likely remembering his own childhood when he painted *Children on the Beach* in 1873, by then an established artist of 37 spending the summer at Gloucester, Mass. It projects a mood of drowsy holidays and wistful dreams, but epitomizes in oil Henry Wadsworth Longfellow's notion that the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.

Silky and Remote. In the sentimental 19th century, motherhood was idealized even more than boyhood, and the reputation of Philadelphia's Mary Cassatt



WHITNEY MUSEUM'S ANNUAL (SUGARMAN'S "SQUARE SPIRAL" WITH CALDER OVERHEAD)
Edged with rainbows, pocked with holes.

FROM ATTIC AND EASEL: A GALLERY OF YOUNG



Children, it is said, are to be seen and not heard. Good reason, perhaps, why paintings of children are always in great demand. This year, several engaging children, long hidden from public view, surfaced in gallery and museum shows, some straight from the artist's studio, others from museum store-rooms. And still others, like *Girl in Red with Her Pets* (above), emerged from private collections. The portrait, attributed to the Yankee limner, Ammi Phillips (1788-1865), is now on view at the Albany Institute of History and Art.

Mary Cassatt's *Child's Caress* (1902) moved from a White House sitting room to Washington's newly opened National Collection of Fine Arts.



NATIONAL COLLECTION OF FINE ARTS, SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION

MRS. NORMAN WOOLWORTH



Children on the Beach, an early Winslow Homer, recently resurfaced in Manhattan's elaborately mounted, three-gallery show, "The American Vision."



Street Shrine (1931), by Jerome Myers, depicts a religious festival in Little Italy on Manhattan's Lower East Side. Seldom seen because of lack of space, it went on proud display with the opening of the new building of the National Collection of Fine Arts.

WADSWELL GALLERY



Completed two years ago, Will Barnett's *Girl at Piano* was displayed only last February at his one-man show in Manhattan. Youngster practicing is his twelve-year-old daughter Ona.

Mother and Child (1967), by Alice Neel, was first exhibited last winter. Child is 21-year-old Sam Gardner, standing beside his mother, a friend of the artist's family.



GRANAN GALLERY

MUSIC

ROCK

The Revolutionary Hype

Music hath alarms to wild the civil breast.

No, that is not quite William Congreve's classic line of the 1690s. It is the Fugs of the 1960s, in their song *When the Mode of the Music Changes*. And it sounds a theme that is growing louder, if not clearer, throughout contemporary rock: change, wildness, rebellion against civil authority. Social and political revolution, that catchword of radical left rhetoric, is becoming a fashionable topic for more and more rock groups—at least as far as their lyrics go.*

*Everywhere I hear the sound of
marching, charging feet . . .*



THE MCS AT FILLMORE EAST
No mistaking the message.

*Hey, think the time is right for a
palace revolution.*

So sing the Rolling Stones in *Street Fighting Man*, one track of their new album, *Beggars Banquet*. On a recent Smothers Brothers television show, Singer Grace Slick of the Jefferson Airplane used a Black Panther salute to climax a performance, in blackface, of *Crown of Creation*. Even the Lovin' Spoonful, once a gentle, folk-flavored group, have taken up the cry. Their latest album is called *Revelation: Revolution '69*, and the title song proclaims: "I'm afraid to die but I'm a man inside and I need the revolution."

Musical Guerrillas. The most violent expression of revolutionary rock so far comes from a Detroit quintet called the MC (for Motor City) 5. After months

of rumblings about them in the pop underground, they erupted at Manhattan's Fillmore East. Their performance was less revolutionary than revolting. While the band churned out medium-good hard rock, Lead Singer Rob Tyner scattered obscenities, referred to the audience as "fellow animals" and, while singing *I Want You Right Now*, writhed on the floor in sexual postures. The group also performed John Lee Hooker's *Motor City Is Burning*, and there was no mistaking the message:

*All the cities will burn . . .
You are the people who will build
up the ashes.*

"The MCS are a free, high-energy source that will drive us wild into the streets of America yelling and screaming and tearing down everything that would keep people slaves," says their 26-year-old manager and mentor, John Sinclair, who also runs the group's hippie-style communal household in Ann Arbor, Mich. Sinclair and the MCS are self-styled "musical guerrillas," who flaunt their memberships in a minuscule left-wing organization called the White Panther Party (sample plank in its platform: "Total assault on the culture by any means necessary including rock 'n' roll, dope and obscenity in the streets").

Youthful Upheaval. In a sense, all rock is revolutionary. By its very beat and sound, it has always implicitly rejected restraints and celebrated freedom and sexuality. Moreover, both social and political overtones were brought into its lyrics through Bob Dylan's influence in the early '60s, as in *The Times They Are A-Changin'*:

*Your sons and your daughters
beyond your command;
Your old road is rapidly aging.*

Since then, various groups have carried forward the attack on middle-age values and life styles. The Fugs developed a special brand of buffoonery that included two outrageous onstage stunts now favored by the MCS: removing their clothes and burning the U.S. flag. The Mothers of Invention honed a cutting musical satire ("It's such a drag to have to love a plastic Mom and Dad"). San Francisco's Country Joe and The Fish have focused on the war in Viet Nam as a symptom of national sickness ("Be the first one on your block to have your boy come home in a box").

Today, however, the songs of revolution are more explicit, the four-letter words are more frequent. And it all be-

rests largely on the dozens of canvases she did celebrating it. The pictures shine with her own inimitably silken palette, but at the same time they seem to latter-day eyes extraordinarily impersonal, extremely withdrawn and posed. Though *Child's Caress* portrays a particularly winsome moment, with big sister planting a kiss on baby sister's cheek, the woman in it seems remote. She could almost be the maid, a paid model or a maiden aunt. Perhaps there is a reason: Cassatt had no children of her own. A wealthy spinster, she migrated to France in 1874 and became a member of the Impressionist circle largely through the sponsorship of Edgar Degas. "It has all your qualities and all your faults," said Degas, looking at one of her compositions. "It is the Infant Jesus and his English nanny."

Lyrics Amid Tenements. The 20th century's jungle of big cities has been harsh on children. One of the few painters who found lyricism amid the tenements was Jerome Myers, a Virginian who came to New York in 1886 at the age of 19, and for the next 54 years painted the street festivals, hurdy-gurdies and playgrounds of the Lower East Side. Though a well-known figure in Greenwich Village circles before World War I, Myers is all but forgotten today. His flowerlike slum children deserve to be better remembered. "Curiously enough," he once remarked, "my contemplation of these humble lives opened to me the doors of fancy. The factory clothes, the anxious faces disappear. They come to me in gorgeous raiment of another world—a decorative world of fancy like an abstract vision."

New York has changed a lot from the city Myers knew, but some painters still see abstract visions in its children. Will Barnett, 57, has in the past 18 years established a following for his semicubist abstract compositions. Three years ago, he switched to representational painting. His portrait of his daughter, Ona, playing C.P.E. Bach in the yellow morning sunlight betrays Barnett's years of abstract schooling by the sharp purity of its line and the muscular flatness of the composition.

Alice Neel, 59, on the other hand, is an artist who determinedly forswears the abstract for the particular, not to say the peculiar. She paints neurotic portraits of tired-looking hippies, scrunched-up museum curators and tense Park Avenue housewives. Her deliberately crude technique makes each picture a devastating microcosm of all that is both magnificent and maddening about the megalopolis of Manhattan. Yet perhaps, her cosseted, uneasy little children are the most unforgettable. Young Sam Gardner, the son of a New York sugar trader, and incidentally, a grandnephew of the late Ernest Hemingway, would pose for her only while watching TV. His eyes in the portrait are watching still—the eyes of a two-year-old who has seen an awful lot he does not understand.

* A notable exception is the Beatles, whose recent *Revolution* demurred: "When you talk about destruction/ Don't you know that you can count me out."

gins to smack of what publicity men call "the hype." Says Ed Denson, Country Joe's manager: "When these people talk about revolution, they mean protest, but they found that the word revolution shocks. The MC5 are taking a protest one step further to get attention." The MC5 clearly practice much of what they preach, as is shown by their string of arrests on charges of noisemaking, obscenity and possession of marijuana. Just as clearly, even their most aggressive songs are only that—songs, not bricks or guns. It may be that the first victim of their metaphorical revolution will be the overused word revolution itself.

OPERA

Magic and the Globolinks

The Hamburg State Opera under the guidance of Impresario Rolf Liebermann has developed into one of the most creative companies in the world. An opera composer himself (*Penelope, School for Wives*), Liebermann commissions two new operas a year, lets producers and directors follow their own imaginative flights. Currently, two new productions—a brilliant revival of Mozart's *The Magic Flute* and the premiere of Gian Carlo Menotti's first major stage work in five years—are proving the wisdom of such artistic generosity.

Elfin and Chinese. The Mozart was assigned to Peter Ustinov. Directing a full-length opera for the first time, he tackled *The Magic Flute* with warnings ringing in his ears. "Some pointed out that it was the most difficult opera of all to stage," said Ustinov. Their point was well taken, since *The Magic Flute* is a stylistic hodgepodge: there are dazzling coloratura arias, sunny folk songs and slapstick scenes. It is a curious mélange, and the fact that it is based on a solemn Masonic morality play only adds to the confusion.

Ustinov succeeded where others had

failed by playing the opera, as he put it, for "what's on the surface." It turned out to be a poetic, elfin romp, somewhat in the spirit of Beni Montresor's enchanting 1966 production for the New York City Opera. Said Ustinov: "Too many directors try to make another *Parsifal* out of *The Magic Flute*."

He settled on an approach that he compared to Chinese theater. "In the Chinese theater, a man crosses a river without there being a river on the stage," he says. "A work like *The Magic Flute* should lead everyone to the depth of his own temperament, and so I prefer to have the public imagine the river." There is no river to imagine in Ustinov's *Magic Flute*, but there is much else. Sarastro's temple of wisdom is suggested by four golden columns and a clear egg-yolk backdrop rather than the usual bombastic temple architecture. The other sets consist primarily of a variety of shrublike trees positioned differently for each scene.

Not everything was left to the opera-goer's imagination. The three little boys who act as Tamino's guardian angels arrived and departed in a dirigible. Occasionally, Ustinov indulged in his love of sight gags, and not always to good effect; there were some murmurs from the audience when Papageno made his first entrance from the prompter's box. But Heinz Joachim in *Die Welt* summed up the critics' response: "At long last the Hamburg State Opera has cleaned out both the antiquated conceptions and modern profundity that block the view of Mozart's *Magic Flute*."

Total Theater. A space opera for children, Menotti's *Help, Help, The Globolinks* is as different from his 1951 Christmas pageant *Amahl and the Night Visitors* as a shepherd is from an astronaut. The plot centers on the invasion of Earth by a race from outer space known as Globolinks. They speak a kind of pidgin-electronese, and their touch can turn a human into a Glo-

bolink within 24 hours. Though the Globolinks are immune to man's weapons, it turns out that they are allergic to the sound of music. After a number of close encounters, they are defeated by a band of schoolchildren singing their school victory march.

Menotti, 57, thinks of *Amahl* as a work written for a generation of children that could still dream of earthly fantasies like buried treasure and magic visitors. "*The Globolinks* I've thought up for the unsentimental children of the new generation," he says. He also designed it as total theater. Menotti enlisted the aid of Kinetic Sculptor Nicolas Schöffer and avant-garde Choreographer Alwin Nikolais to place *The Globolinks* in the proper visual orbit. Schöffer designed the production as a Now Generation light show, employing spotlights, slide projectors and blinking flashbulbs. He provided a continuous flow of color patterns that alternately suggested cityscapes, outer space, subterranean depths. Nikolais devised a series of sliding movements for *The Globolinks* that suggested weightlessness, and also designed their costumes; males had white tubelike bodies with stick antennas atop their heads; the females sprouted wings. It was a triumph of modern stagecraft the Santa Fe Opera will have trouble surpassing when it offers the U.S. premiere next August.

Menotti scored most of the 70-minute one-act opera in his familiar, simple melodic style, interspersed with eerie electronic sounds. The composer regards the contrast between traditional musicality and switched-on sound in *The Globolinks* as a kind of autobiographical parody of his own position in the arts. "Schöffer and Nikolais are the children of this generation," says Menotti. "Theirs is the world of mechanized art; mine is still the world of art as dictated by human emotion." In *The Globolinks*, he has proved that the twain can sometimes meet.



DIRIGIBLE IN "THE MAGIC FLUTE"



LIGHT SHOW IN "GLOBOLINKS"

Passing up profundity; playing to the Now Generation.

TELEVISION

PUBLIC TV

NETwork at Last

For 14 years, the industry joke goes, National Educational Television has been little more than a pony-express system, delivering its programs by stages. Beginning next week, NET will leave the horseback era and become almost a network, broadcasting programs simultaneously across the nation for two hours, five nights a week.

In the past, taped NET programs were air-mailed from a duplication and distribution center in Ann Arbor, Mich., to the first group of the 148 public-TV stations on the list. After the first channels had aired the show, they would mail it to the second group of stations. By the time the show reached the final stations on the list, the delay might be as long as nine weeks. As a result, NET documentaries tended to lack immediacy when they were not totally out of date.

NET went the slow route simply because it could not afford the broadcast tie-line charge. An A. T. & T. link-up for ten hours of weekly programming costs roughly \$450,000 a month, or about three-quarters of NET's total monthly budget. But in 1967, Congress passed a law that 1) permitted the telephone system to cut the rate drastically for educational channels and 2) established a Corporation for Public Broadcasting to help pay it.

The network's Sunday offering, as in the past, will be Public Broadcast Laboratory's weekly program. Monday is *NET Journal*, or documentary night. Tuesday will see *NET Festival*, a first-rate cultural series. Wednesday will be split among the monthly consumer series (*Your Dollar's Worth*), biweekly news backrounders by New York Times staffers and various science programs. Thursday will feature *NET Playhouse*, a showcase for new U.S. playwrights and BBC productions. Extra time periods will be filled by specials, repeats and regional programming.

PROGRAMMING

Pacification by Attrition

Congressman Hale Boggs: How much did the sponsors of President Nixon spend at CBS in the last campaign? Would you say it was a substantial sum?

CBS President Frank Stanton: I would.

Boggs: Why do you think they spent that money?

Stanton: Because it's an effective medium to reach people.

Boggs: Well now, why is television effective in reaching people and advertising political campaigns and is not effective when it shows sadism, masochism, murder, mayhem and rape?

In this roundabout way, Boggs was trying to get Stanton to admit before the National Commission on the Causes

and Prevention of Violence that TV mayhem affects the minds of susceptible viewers. But the CBS president, a Ph.D. in psychology, insisted that this proposition was unproved, and required further study. Besides, he added: "We don't yet have the methodology with which to make the study." Boggs quickly re-collected congressional committee investigations that have been going on



TERROR WITH KNIVES



DEATH BY SIX-SHOOTER

Pity the poor stuntmen.

since 1954. His voice rose. "This is the study-est thing that has ever happened with no results," he said. "How long, Mr. Chairman? How long?"

Cosmetic Results. Stanton was a bit stunned. After the assassination of Robert Kennedy, the three networks themselves announced a voluntary exorcism of "excessive" violence. But it was too late to change the mood of the TV season without enormous financial sacrifice. The schedule of programs had been sold to advertisers, and in some series as many as ten weeks' episodes were already completed. Although drastic revisions were promised, the results were mainly cosmetic.

Guns Executive Producer John Mantley, who had finished ten segments before violence was de-emphasized, says that he spent the whole summer in the cutting room. But even with all of Mantley's frantic re-editing, the installment two weeks ago contained three gunshot killings, one death by trampling, two knife attacks, three fights and a threat to snap someone's neck "like a dry twig." Says Mantley: "It is difficult for me to continue making *Guns*. My position is that if you want to take vi-

olence off television, then you have to take drama off television."

Other producers have reached the same conclusion. Killings continue, but when possible they take place with a "less violent" weapon. In one episode of NBC's *The Outsider*, the script called for the hero to be threatened with a shotgun; the censor suggested a meat cleaver be substituted, apparently figuring quieter weapons are less violent.

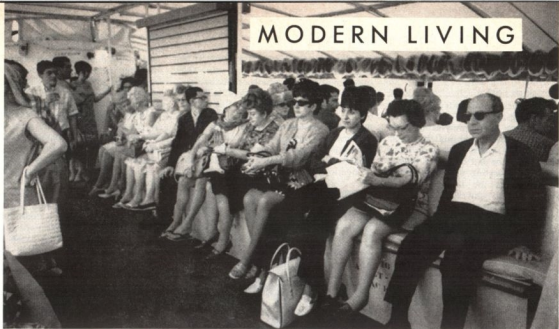
Those who must die nowadays often do so off-camera or more quickly, and barroom brawls are also less bruising. As a result, the first victims of TV's pacification drive have been the stuntmen. Employment among the fight-and-fall corps is down 40%. "We used to have nice drag-out fights and make some good money," laments Chuck Hicks, president of the Stuntmen's Association. "Now a guy just pulls a gun and stands there. So we suffer."

Pilot Comedies. Results of this de-escalation should show more plainly next season. ABC President Leonard Goldenson told the violence commission that only one of the 30 series now under development by his network is an "adventure" show. CBS's senior programming vice president, Mike Dann, agrees that "the number of action shows is down drastically in the pilot area." His NBC counterpart, Mort Werner, also anticipates "more comedy and less action." The networks' Hollywood suppliers are, of course, reacting accordingly. Universal Studios is not making any more westerns on speculation, but is concentrating on three new doctor and two lawyer shows. Herbert Solow, the MGM-TV production chief, says, "I don't believe in any series about a man carrying a gun these days."

Still, neither the TV audience nor Congressman Boggs will be seeing all *Beverly Hills*, *Family Affairs*. It would still cost the industry too much—in ratings and program-development expenses—to beat all the swords into plowshares. ABC's *The Avengers* is a festival of sado-masochism and murder (according to a Christian Science Monitor survey, the series averaged a violent incident every 34 minutes). It will undoubtedly go off after this season, but not necessarily because it is the most violent show on the air. A likelier reason: the violence it does to the network's ratings; *The Avengers* ranks 69th among the 73 prime-time entertainment series.

"Attrition takes care of these things," says William H. Tankersley, CBS vice president for program practices (censorship). What he means is that roughly 25% of all shows fail each season, and that this year they will be replaced mainly by variety shows and situation comedies. "It's a cyclical thing anyway," he explains. "Every four or five years the action shows build up, but every four or five years the comedy shows build up too. Violence in programming had already got to the cyclical buildup point before the Kennedy assassination."

MODERN LIVING



SINGLES ON TENDER HEADING ASHORE AT FREEPORT, BAHAMAS

Courtship Computer at Sea

"The Greek Line, in cooperation with Operation Match dating service, is running a singles-only computer dating cruise from New York City to the Bahamas . . . When you buy your ticket your name will be fed into a computer and when you board the Olympia you will be introduced to five or six match mates. Take it from there." The bit of text, from a new, youth-oriented magazine called 25, sounded intriguing; the accompanying photographs of frolicking girls in bikinis were positively tantalizing. TIME Reporter Carey Winfrey, 27 and single, took it from there and set sail on the Olympia. His report:

FIRST stop on the dream assignment: the office of the Greek Line to buy the ticket (\$195 double occupancy, \$265 single) and fill out the computer questionnaire. Samples of the 110 questions: "Of the following men, I most admire: (1) Winston Churchill (2) Albert Einstein (3) Henry Ford (4) Babe Ruth. My ideal date should be: (1) Very sexually experienced (2) Moderately sexually experienced (3) Somewhat sexually experienced (4) Sexually inexperienced (5) Doesn't matter."

Essentially Lonely. Reality intrudes all too soon at the top of the gangplank at 57th Street and the Hudson River. Visions of beautiful secretaries, lonely models and experience-hungry Vassar girls fade at the sight of manicured matrons, overweight men, blue-grey hair, pancaked wrinkles. The few under-30s seem swallowed up in a sea of over-40s and over-50s.

On board, Steve Milgrim, 45, one of the founding fathers of computer dating and president of Operation Match (230,000 marriages in 44 years is his claim), confirms the depressing visual ev-

idence and goes into his pitch. "Singles," he recites, "are not just in their 20s, but in their 30s, 40s, 50s, 60s and even 70s. Many of them have no interest in marriage, or in sex either, for that matter. Many are not even essentially lonely. What they are, most of them, is simply trapped in their own whirlpool. They go to work in the morning and come home at night, and they just don't have the opportunity to meet new people." Building to something akin to missionary zeal, Milgrim continues: "The few places that cater to singles—clubs, \$3-a-head dances or whatever—can be pretty degrading. The marvelous thing about a cruise like this is the preservation of basic dignity. Here the singles have created their own world—where they have to answer to no one."

Portly Footballer. That world, on the first night aboard, looks like a floating *opera buffa* of the absurd. In a corridor amidships, a 22-year-old stock clerk has blocked the way of a nurse from Detroit, one of the youngest women aboard. He does not discuss Albert Einstein. "Are you really from Detroit?" he asks. "Yes, Detroit." "Gee, I was there in 1965, Detroit." "It's nice, isn't it?" "Sure is, buy ya a drink?"

In the Taverna lounge, where a Greek go-go quartet rocks till 2 in the morning, a 26-year-old stock-exchange clerk sets his sights on a life-begins-at-forty redhead, while on the dance floor a New York City detective (41) is cheek to cheek with a schoolteacher (32) from Pennsylvania. A deck below, his inhibitions all but obliterated by *bon voyage* champagne, a portly ex-footballer from Fordham (class of '56) runs the length of the ship, yelling jovially: "The cruise is canceled! The cruise is canceled!"

Crushed Expectancy. Next afternoon, the crowd gathered in the Zebra Room for the "Operation Match get-together" looks like a sampling from the line outside Radio City Music Hall. Much of the previous evening's frenzy has spent itself. The room is quiet as Milgrim begins his spiel. "A lot of you won't believe this," he says, "but within twelve months' time seven or eight percent of the people in this room will be married to someone they met on this cruise." When the self-conscious laughter subsides, he explains that "because of the small sample, the computer can't really do its proper job," but that the computer matches should serve to break the ice. "There will be a bed check at 1 a.m.," he says with a wink in his voice, "and if you're caught with anyone in your cabin *not* on your list, you're in *big* trouble."

Half an hour later, the room where the computerized lists are distributed is jammed with a crush of expectancy. Most of the lists are long, some as many as 40 names, and the recipients gather outside to compare. For the remainder of the cruise, the standard opening gambit, repeated hundreds of times, is, "Are you on my list?"

The next day, more through mingling than computer matching, the artificial society is beginning to stabilize. Several couples hold hands on deck chairs in the warming sun. A dozen small parties erupt spontaneously in a dozen state-rooms. A haggard haberdasher from Baltimore stumbles out of his cabin, glass in hand, looking for ice. "Whew," he says. "She needs two 20-year-olds—not one 40-year-old." Milgrim adopts a literary tone: "Liaisons are being formed and torn asunder faster than you can light a cigarette."

Singles veterans are beginning to form judgments: "The thing about the Borscht Belt—Grossinger's, the Concord—that

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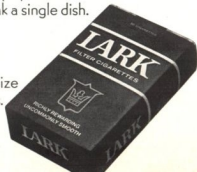


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or new 100's.



RELIGION

THE PAPACY

Calling Workers and Bishops

sort of thing," says a Bloomingdale's shoe salesman, "is that all those broads go up there with a chip on their shoulder, ready to check out the first time they get a soft egg. But on a cruise—who's to check out?"

When the fourth morning breaks sunny and warm in the harbor of Nassau, it is a relaxed group that piles into the tender to be taken ashore. Herb, 40, a pudgy and amiable eyeglass distributor from Philadelphia, heads hand in hand with Beverly, 25, an industrial designer from Boston, for a day at Paradise Beach. Hannah, 52, a veteran of three singles weeks in the Catskills, has resignedly fallen in with a group of lady cribbage players from Westchester, and is on her way with them for a day of shopping. Tom, 27, a salesman from Cincinnati, has teamed with two other motorcycling enthusiasts for a day of island exploration.

Floating Hospital. A second day in a second port (the Bahamian Las Vegas, Freeport) imparts a healthy glow to the passengers for the homeward cruise. By now, the romances that are to be under way, while the unmatched and the uninterested have found other outlets for their energies. A few eccentrics begin to make their presence known. One woman writes a note to the cruise director: "There is a group of men and women aboard ship," she begins, "who are using fictitious names—one is a chief of police, here with his mistress or possibly unknown wife not united in marriage by his church . . . These men I accuse of operating a white slave ring. I want them taken to task. I am my own boss." A wild-eyed Denver merchant corners Milgrim in a hallway and through clenched teeth mutters, "Don't think I don't know what's going on here. The filth, the filth." A legal secretary from Long Island expresses her distaste for Greek cuisine by insisting upon ham sandwiches and malted milks, and one cynic suggests that the ship is really a floating mental hospital, the stewards actually keepers, the passengers patients. They are doomed to sail forever.

A few have become cynical, a few have found alcohol their only compatible matchmate, a few have resigned themselves to no dates. One girl, an attractive Manhattan secretary, even packed her bags in Nassau, preferring to pay the plane fare rather than return on board.

And yet there comes the realization that for most of the 340 women and 312 men who paid their money and took their chances, the trip has satisfied their expectations, if not their wildest hopes. Putting it in practical terms, Milgrim points out that "for most singles, a date with *anyone* is better than staying at home." More piously, he adds: "You bring some happiness to some people, the whole thing becomes worthwhile." At \$10 a head for his computer service ashore, and a percentage of the gross receipts afloat, very worthwhile indeed.

Looking rather like a visitor to Dante's Inferno, Pope Paul VI last week stood before a blazing blast furnace and watched as sputtering molten iron ore was poured into ingots. The Pope was visiting the Italsider steel plant in the Southern Italian town of Taranto, where, true to a promise he had made last month, he celebrated Christmas Eve Mass for 7,000 steelworkers and their families. In his sermon, delivered from an altar made of rolled steel slabs, Paul deplored the "separation and lack of understanding" that divides the worlds of labor and religion. "It almost seems that there is no common language between you and us," he said. "But this estrangement has no reason to exist. The church knows you, studies you, interprets you and defends you, much more than you often think."

The Pope last week was also concerned about estrangement within the church. Shortly before his visit to Taranto, he announced that he was summoning a second synod of bishops to meet in Rome, starting next Oct. 11. The purpose, he said, would be to "discuss the best ways to assure a better cooperation and more profitable contacts between the various episcopal conferences and the Holy See."

The Vatican has sent questionnaires to bishops' conferences, asking for opinions on how the session should be organized. Unquestionably, one issue that will be raised is the timing and content of a second major statement on birth control, which the Pope also promised last week. Thanks to the Vatican's lag-

gard communications methods, his encyclical *Humanae Vitae* was released to the press before most of the world's bishops had received their copies. Its teaching, moreover, disturbed a number of national hierarchies, which subsequently modified its harsh condemnation of contraception as an absolute moral evil. The new encyclical, many bishops hope, will not only provide more clarity but also reflect a larger consensus of Catholic opinion.

THE BIBLE

A Political, Patriotic Jesus

The Gospels—the only detailed written records on the life of Christ—record that Jesus of Nazareth was condemned by the Sanhedrin of Jerusalem on a charge of blasphemy and somewhat reluctantly executed by the city's Roman procurator, Pontius Pilate. Historians have long been dissatisfied with this explanation, principally because of the discrepancies among the Evangelists' accounts, and their portrayal of Pilate: acknowledged as ruthless and opportunistic by his contemporaries, he would scarcely have been concerned with the justice of Jesus' fate. In two newly published books, British Scholar S.G.F. Brandon offers another interpretation: he proposes that in Roman eyes Jesus was a dangerous political rebel who was executed by Pilate on the charge of sedition.

An ordained Anglican priest and a professor of comparative religion at the University of Manchester, Brandon is not the first to make this case, but he has marshaled the best arguments for it. In *Jesus and the Zealots* (Scribners;



POPE PAUL AFTER STEEL MILL MASS IN TARANTO
Concerns about estrangement.



"CHRIST MOCKED," BY HIERONYMUS BOSCH
The charge was sedition.

\$7.95) and *The Trial of Jesus of Nazareth* (Stein & Day; \$6.95), Brandon pictures Jesus as a politically aware activist vigorously working against the Palestinian "Establishment"—the Roman occupying forces and Jerusalem's collaborationist Jewish aristocracy. As a champion of the poor, says Brandon, Jesus went so far as to lead an abortive raid on the Temple treasury to dispossess its money-hungry directors. The raid, disguised in the Gospels as a one-man assault on the profane money changers, quickly led to Jesus' denunciation by the high priests and then to his Roman trial. Far from dying ignominiously as a Jew rejected by his nation, Jesus in effect died a patriot's death, a rebel-martyr for his people.

Temple Trophies. Except for a few tantalizing hints ("I come not to bring peace but a sword"), little of Jesus' militancy appears in the Gospels. The reason, argues Brandon, was that Christianity early in its history underwent an earth-shaking trauma: the fall of Jerusalem. In A.D. 70, the legionaries of the Emperor Vespasian and his son Titus put down a four-year rebellion led by a group of Jewish rebels known as the Zealots, and destroyed the city. In Rome, where Titus returned in triumph brandishing trophies from the ruined Temple, feelings were running high against Jewish intransigence in general and the Zealot rebellion in particular. In this climate of fear, argues Brandon, Mark wrote the first Gospel for the young Roman church. Because his audience was already suspect as subversive, Mark wrote his account of Christ's life with the implicit purpose of clearing Christians of any involvement in Jewish rebellion.

In fact, Brandon argues, Mark had good reason for wanting to clear Christ's name. Brandon carefully avoids saying that Jesus was a Zealot himself, but cites evidence suggesting that he was

sympathetic to their cause. Mark, he notes, obscured the fact that one of the Apostles—Simon the Zealot, as later Evangelists confirm—was an admitted member of the movement. And he argues further that Judas Iscariot may have been a Zealot as well. The two "thieves" who were crucified along with Jesus were, as the original Greek attests, really "brigands"—a common epithet for the Zealots. Even the Gospels hint that on the night at Gethsemane some of Jesus' disciples were armed, which may have been the reason that he had to be captured by stealth.

Mark was able to disguise these unpleasant truths, Brandon contends, because he sincerely believed that Jesus was "the son of God, incarnated to accomplish mankind's salvation." A theological polemicist rather than a biographer, he was thus able to adjust some facts and ignore others without any conscious deceit. As an example of Mark's revisionist writing, Brandon cites the use of one apparently authentic saying of Jesus: "Render to Caesar the things that are Caesar's, and to God the things that are God's." In the context of Mark's Gospel, it implies an approval of tribute payments to Rome. Brandon suggests that Jesus meant the exact opposite: any Jew worthy of the name knew that Israel and all its treasure belonged to God alone.

Most Jewish Gospel. Brandon argues that Mark's attempt to exonerate the Romans of any responsibility for Jesus' death and to play down Christian involvement in the Zealot revolt was further supported by the later Evangelists, who also emphasized Christ's pacifism. Although Matthew wrote for Jewish Christians, possibly in Alexandria, he was apparently so grief-stricken by the fall of Jerusalem that he could only ascribe it to unwise political activism and divine retribution for the rejection of Jesus—which explains why this "most Jewish" of the Gospels is steeped in collective Jewish guilt. Luke, and even more so John, were by contrast profoundly affected by the theology of Paul, who, in preaching to the uncircumcised, had transformed the Jesus of history into a lofty and otherworldly "Lord of Glory." These Evangelists, moreover, wrote at a time when the young Christian church was abandoning its roots in Judaism. It was easy for them to incorporate an anti-Jewish bias into their accounts of Christ's life.

The primitive Christianity of Jerusalem, with its documents and traditions, perished in the city's destruction by Rome. What survived, argues Brandon, was not the Jesus remembered as a Messianic revolutionary who sought to cleanse Israel for the coming of God's kingdom, but a transcendent divinity who had come to all men and not merely the Jews. What also survived, says Brandon, was the anti-Semitic bias of the Evangelists that made scapegoats of Judaism—a nation of "Christ killers" for nearly 2,000 years.

MILESTONES

Married. Julie Nixon, 20, President-elect Richard M. Nixon's younger daughter; and Dwight David Eisenhower II, 20, only grandson of former President Dwight Eisenhower; in a 15-minute ceremony performed at Manhattan's Marble Collegiate Church by the Rev. Dr. Norman Vincent Peale. Julie wanted the wedding to be quiet, private and as small as possible. Only 500 family and friends were at the church, while Ike and Mamie watched over closed-circuit TV from his suite at Walter Reed Army Medical Center in Washington, D.C. The only departure from the script came when Julie kissed her dad before she kissed David. Then it was off south for Christmas with her parents at Key Biscayne and a short secret honeymoon (most likely in the Bahamas) before the youngsters head back to Smith and Amherst to take up their studies.

Married. Strom Thurmond, 66, U.S. Senator and former Governor of South Carolina, who rallied Southern support for Richard Nixon in last year's presidential election; and Nancy Moore, 22, a blue-eyed brunette beauty (Miss South Carolina of 1965), who met the Senator two summers ago while working in his Washington office; he for the second time; in a Presbyterian ceremony; in Aiken, S.C.

Married. Anna Anderson, 67, who has spent a lifetime seeking to prove that she is in reality the Grand Duchess Anastasia, youngest daughter of Russia's murdered Czar Nicholas II; and John E. Manahan, 49, former university lecturer who has backed her case for a decade; she for the second time; in Charlottesville, Va.

Died. Walter Winchell Jr., 33, only son of the aged, faded columnist, an unsuccessful freelance writer who supported his wife and two children on \$191 monthly welfare payments and what he made as a restaurant dishwasher; on Christmas Day, by his own hand (.380 Magnum revolver); in Tustin, Calif.

Died. Raymond Gram Swing, 81, one of radio's best-known newscasters, whose broadcasts four nights a week during World War II reached an audience of millions around the world; of a heart attack; in Washington, D.C. Tall and gaunt, with a calm, reasoned tone to his speech, Swing was among the first of the true commentators, not merely reporting the news but attempting to find a meaning in each day's events. His competition in the 1940s was formidable—H. V. Kaltenbacker, Edward R. Murrow, Gabriel Heatter—yet Swing commanded at least as large a following and salary (more than \$150,000 in 1942), first on the Mutual Broadcasting Network and subsequently on the now defunct Blue Network.

CINEMA

NEW MOVIES

That Was Burlesque

The *Night They Raided Minsky's* is a valedictory valentine to oldtime burlesque. In legend, the girls were glamorous, and every baggy-pants buffoon was a second W. C. Fields. In truth, the institution was as coarse as its audiences. *Minsky's* mixes both fact and fancy in a surprisingly successful musical.

The barefaced comedy is matched



EKLAND IN "MINSKY'S"
Blend of mockery and melancholy.

by the pratfall plot. Rachel, a chaste Amish girl (Britt Ekland) decides that since dancing is mentioned in the Bible and Minsky's Manhattan burlesque house is not, joining the chorus line must be all right with God. When her Fundamentalist father comes roaring after her for "uncovering thy protuberances," she defies him by jettisoning her clothes onstage, thereby creating the striptease.

Along the way, Rachel falls in with a crooked straight man (Jason Robards) and a doleful comic (Norman Wisdom). The casting could not be bettered. Robards' crumpled countenance and larcenous glint make him the quintessential backstage villain. Wisdom, long a British stage star, recalls Keaton in his split-second spills and deadpan pantomime.

Minsky's was 58 days in the shooting and ten months in the editing—and shows it. Marred by grainy film and fleshed out with documentary and pseudo-newsreel footage of the '20s, the film spends too much time on pickles, pushcarts and passers-by. But it compensates with a fond, nostalgic score, a bumping, grinding chorus line and a series of closeups of the late Bert Lahr, who plays a retired burlesque comedian. Like Lahr, the film offers an engaging blend of mockery and melancholy.

Negative

Up Tight, by Director Jules Dassin, is really two films. One is a groping attempt to comprehend the current state of black militancy. The other is a creaky pastiche of John Ford's 1935 masterpiece, *The Informer*. The analogy of the Irish and Negro rebels is less natural than it is facile, but in Dassin's hands, there is little attempt to translate the classic into contemporary cinema. Instead, he has simply sought to make a negative of the original, with shades of black instead of grades of white.

An alcoholic steelworker, appropriately named Tank (Julian Mayfield), is rejected by his white employers and his black power-hungry companions. When one of the rebels murders a man during a holdup, Tank, blinded by resentment and fumes of booze, turns him in for \$1,000 in reward money. Assailed by guilt, he abruptly endows a sidewalk preacher and a bunch of barties with \$20 bills. Militants spot the trail of green and run Tank to earth. Almost gratefully he accepts their revenge: a bullet in the stomach.

In the original, Victor McLaglen played the informer as a wounded bull. Mayfield portrays him as a dray horse, faithfully clopping to the fadeout. *The Informer* was consistently Irish. If *Up Tight's* cast is Negro, the script is in straight blackface, with such lines as "Nonviolence is a self-defeating mother." Its bogus climaxes are reminiscent of the '30s group-theater lyricism, as when Tank wails at a smelter, "You noisy beautiful bastard, remember me?" or when he roars, "The city is killing me . . . it's killing both of us." Because *Up Tight* was filmed in the ghetto of Cleveland, it occasionally rings true, like a quarter in a handful of slugs. Roscoe Lee Browne as a traitorous homosexual and Raymond St. Jacques as the head of a cryptofascist cell seem authentic archetypes emerging from a historical shadow. Boris Kaufman's camera work briskly comes to life when Negroes scatter the police with a hail of curses and broken bottles. But such fragments stand alone in an unawakened film that can only pretend to tell the truth. In search of black authenticity, the viewer might better spend his time reading LeRoi Jones or Eldridge Cleaver. One may find these men intolerable, but it is possible to respect them. *Up Tight* is far more tolerable—but it is impossible to respect.

Quiet Destruction

In the late 19th century, Anton Chekhov raised the nuance to an art form. The technique moved one of his contemporaries to complain to him of *The Sea Gull*: "My dear fellow, it isn't dramatic." The paralyzing problem with this film version of Chekhov's first major play is that it is far too dramatic.

Chekhov's narrative is meticulously

simple, containing, as he put it, "much talk of literature, little action, and five poods* of love." Director Sidney Lumet, who hammered home *The Pawnbroker*, pummels away at Chekhov's plot. At the country estate of a retired civil servant named Sorin (Harry Andrews) is assembled a group of people who over the course of two years will quietly destroy one another: Sorin's sister Arkadina (Simone Signoret), an aging actress vacationing in the country with her lover Trigorin (James Mason), a successful author; Arkadina's son Konstantin (David Warner), who yearns also to be a writer; and Nina (Vanessa Redgrave), an aspiring actress worshipped by Konstantin and enamored of Trigorin. Almost ritualistically, they feed on each other's weaknesses and delusions.

Chekhov called *The Sea Gull* a comedy, but any traces of wit have been pretty well destroyed by Lumet's lumbering technique. The actors perform as if they were all on the verge of a nervous breakdown. Only David Warner as Konstantin and some of the supporting players—notably Harry Andrews, Denholm Elliott, Ronald Radd and Kathleen Widdoes—effectively explore the full dimensions of their roles. Lumet moves his camera incessantly to give the illusion of action, but uses fadeouts to duplicate the



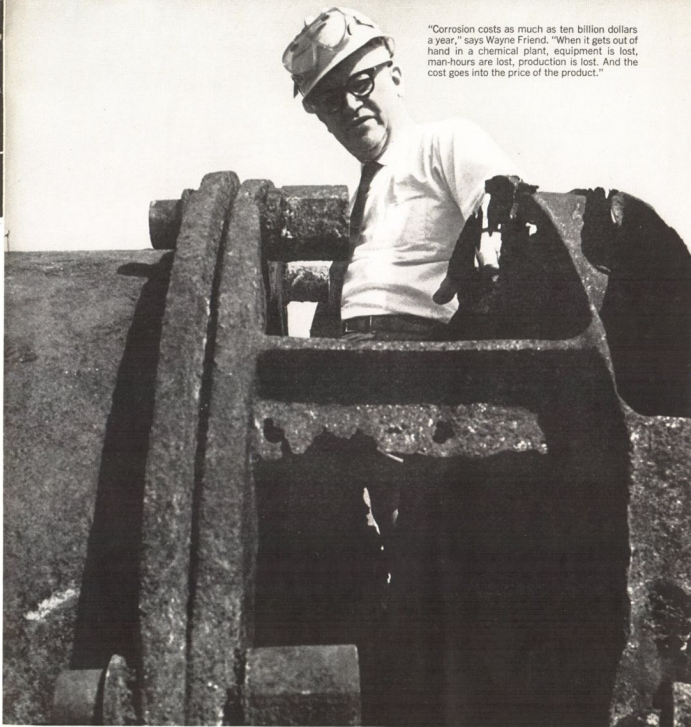
REDGRAVE and MASON IN "SEA GULL"
Tapestry into postcard.

curtain falling at the end of an act. He attempts to preserve the tense theatrical effect of the family's silent realization of Konstantin's suicide—but betrays the whole purpose of the scene by cutting away to a shot of the boy's bloody body floating in a lake. Most disturbing of all, Lumet and Cinematographer Gerry Fisher (*Accident*) have shot the whole film in softly gauzed pastel colors, thereby reducing Chekhov's intricate dramatic tapestry to the sleazy cheapness of a picture postcard.

* A Russian weight equivalent to 36 lbs.

One man's fight against his "hungry enemy"

"Corrosion costs as much as ten billion dollars a year," says Wayne Friend. "When it gets out of hand in a chemical plant, equipment is lost, man-hours are lost, production is lost. And the cost goes into the price of the product."



Wayne Friend of International Nickel has spent thirty years climbing ladders, studying blueprints, reading gauges, pounding desks, changing overalls, and other-

(continued)

"Cut the feed bill for corrosion

(continued from preceding page)

wise helping to hold down the cost of food, clothing, medicine, and a lot of other things we all buy.

Ever since Wayne Friend came out of West Virginia with one of the earliest Master's in chemical engineering, he's waged war with a "hungry enemy."

That's the corrosion of plant and equipment that costs American industry, and the consumer, as much as \$10 billion a year.

As an applications engineer for International Nickel, Wayne has been assigned to help chemical companies build better processing plants.

These produce fertilizers, detergents, plastics, medicines, synthetic fibers, and the many basic chemicals needed by still other plants. So their costs affect the prices we pay for all kinds of things.

"We go to a plant where equipment is broken down, a reactor is badly corroded, or some piping has holes eaten through it, and we get a lot of satisfaction," says Wayne, "out of being able to help them figure out what to do about it."

Nowhere is corrosion more a problem than in the chemical industry where things like hot caustics, great pressures, and abrasive velocities eat right through some materials.

"It may be just a matter of changing the temperature a bit. Or eliminating some water. Or adding something to the mixture. But replacement with a different alloy is often the answer. That's where nickel comes in.

"Many of the alloys that work contain nickel. But we try to be conservative about it. We tell them what our experience has been and let 'em make up their own minds.

"I think that what most of us want to be remembered for is the amount of unprejudiced information we give, to let people decide what to do to make things work and not lose money. It's a lot of work sometimes, to be sure we're telling them the very best we know."

Wayne Friend is retiring this month. He'll be missed. But he'll be replaced by other Inco men with the same kind of background and outlook. And they'll see to it that all his work goes on.

"We can test materials in a lab to a point," says Wayne Friend. "Then we have to get out and face life. We install these racks of samples to see how each material stands up to real operating conditions."



and we all save money"



"We have to look inside the system. Are the arteries healthy? If not, what is the disease? Pitting? Stress corrosion cracking? Erosion? Then what is the cause of this symptom. And, how do we cure it?"

"Watch the gauges. Is the plant running the way they think it is? Are the temperatures, pressures, volumes, and chemicals what they are meant to be? Or has a variable gotten into the system? If so, the answer may be a new alloy."



Nickel helps other metals stand up to heat, cold, impact, pressure, abrasion, as well as corrosion. Nickel alloys help advance engineering in vital fields—power, desalination, electronics, transportation, aerospace, as well as chemicals.

We're doing everything we can to produce more nickel. Searching around the world—Indonesia, Australia, Guatemala, Canada. We've found ways to extract nickel from ores thought too poor to mine a few years ago.

We count our blessings and respect our surroundings. From nickel ores, we also recover platinum, palladium, and twelve other commercially useful elements. We make iron pellets for steel. Smoke in our stacks is converted to chemicals for other industries. On sand left from processing ore, we grow meadows of hay to control dust storms.

We are 32,500 people hard at work in 18 countries—miners, researchers, market builders. We work at the whole job—from geodesy to agronomy, metallurgy to economics, theory to practice. We bring opportunity to underdeveloped lands, new technologies, new payrolls, new tax income.

Nickel in the ground is useless. We put it to work.

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BUSINESS



FORT WORTH POLICE TRYING INSTANT BANANA PEEL

MAKING CRIME PAY

EVERY industry has its own sensitive indicators, be they birth rates, bank rates or crop forecasts. The FBI's recent report that the U.S. crime rate is running a brisk 19% ahead of 1967 came as no surprise to one industry whose prosperity is judged by such statistics. Crime and civil commotion are paying off handsomely for the hundreds of scattered, mostly small companies that sell goods and services to the rapidly growing law-enforcement market.

On Wall Street, the cops-and-robbers business is getting the sort of play that once was accorded to aerospace and the Pill. The stock of Pinkerton's, Inc. (see Books), the 118-year-old outfit that went public in 1967 at \$23 a share, is now trading at \$51. Federal Sign and Signal, a Chicago maker of police sirens, has gone from \$19 to \$42 in the past year. American Safety Equipment Corp., whose sales of \$26.75 police helmets more than tripled in 1968, has jumped from \$10 to \$16. Other companies in the police market have seen their stocks rise by 50% to 75%.

Losing the Fight. And why not? Spending on law enforcement in 1968 totaled nearly \$1.1 billion, up from \$930 million in 1967. The money went for a variety of services and hardware that includes 80¢ police whistles, \$170 sirens and \$100,000 helicopters. Such spending will grow at least 10% annually for the next five years. The Safe Streets Act, which Lyndon Johnson signed in June, will increase federal anti-crime aid from \$63 million in 1968 to as much as \$500 million in 1972. Richard Nixon also wants to strengthen the nation's undermined police forces and generally "make it less profitable and a lot more risky to break our laws."

All that promises to be highly profitable to the industry. A growing suspicion that the police are losing the fight against lawlessness, which will cost \$20 billion this year in thefts, riot dam-

age and other losses, has steadily increased the business of suppliers of private guards and security equipment. But most of the thrust is toward providing new, nonlethal hardware for the police, whose basic gun-and-billy-club arsenal has changed little in 100 years.

Some new entrants in the field have novel ideas for handling riots. Fort Worth's Western Co. of North America, an oilfield-service firm, has developed a slippery powder called Instant Banana Peel, which is guaranteed to turn any street rumble into a sit-in. Baltimore-based AAI Corp., a defense contractor, has come up with a tear-gas grenade with two crowd-control virtues: it has no shrapnel hazard, and it expels its chemicals in seconds—before it can be picked up and pitched back at the police. A company official says that its grenade sales doubled in 1968, and will double again as soon as "the riot season starts."

Up from Billy Clubs. Though the industry remains balkanized, takeovers and acquisitions are increasing. The biggest and broadest-gauged company in the field is Bangor Punta Corp., a Manhattan-based conglomerate that has acquired five suppliers of law-enforcement equipment over the past three years. Among them is the maker of Chemical Mace, the liquid-tear-gas spray. Sales of law-enforcement equipment now account for about 9% of the Bangor Punta's \$259 million annual sales and 30% of its \$22 million pre-tax profits. The company broke into the market in 1965 by acquiring Smith & Wesson, whose revolvers are carried by 85% of the nation's policemen. At that time, recalls Bangor Punta President David Wallace, "we didn't foresee any social revolution." But Smith & Wesson's sales have since risen from less than \$10 million to \$16 million. Wallace is now capitalizing on the philosophy that "the more social unrest there is, the greater the need for law-

enforcement equipment that is more sophisticated than the billy club."

Under the aptly named chief of its Public Security group, William Gunn, Bangor Punta is rapidly becoming the Abercrombie & Fitch of law and order. Fully equipped by the company, a cop could use a Bangor Punta Dominator radarscope to spot a speeder or car thief, signal him to stop with a Dominator siren, pull out a Smith & Wesson .38 and pull on a Lake Erie gas mask, flush his quarry with Lake Erie tear gas, immobilize him with Mace, bring him to with a Stephenson resuscitator, check him for alcohol with a Breathalyzer, and slap on Smith & Wesson handcuffs.

Point of Honor. The company's research-and-development department never ceases. A Bangor Punta subsidiary, General Ordnance Equipment Corp., which has done very well with its highly profitable Mace, has another comer in a 25-lb. device that generates a billowing smoky haze called Pepper Fog. The \$395 tubular generator can be slung and aimed from the shoulder, and it has cleared 400 rioting prisoners from a large building in 24 minutes. The company, having sold what it had thought would be a full year's supply in four months, has lately increased production facilities fivefold.

Unlike the old European munitions makers, who made it a point of honor to sell to all comers, the U.S. law-and-order suppliers usually cater only to the police. Though some states ban sales to the public of items like tear gas, the industry generally operates under its own self-imposed restraints. The police market, after all, is likely to boom for quite some time. "Even if the students really organize a peace movement instead of rioting," says Gunn of Bangor Punta, "it won't happen overnight."



Every police officer needs this protection.

Many law enforcement departments throughout the U.S. and foreign countries are now using these DEFENSOR PRODUCTS.



The Riot-Disaster Helmet

is the result of a long period of research and study of police combat needs. The one piece, impermeable high impact resistant plastic shell (made of Lexan), weighing only 20 oz., absorbs shock from blows and thrown or fallen objects, minimizing concussion possibilities. Maximum protection is provided to the head, ears, eyes, base of skull and temple areas. The helmet can be furnished with or without face shield and is available either with special contoured

AD FOR IMPROVED HELMET

Same play as the Pill.

LATE ARRIVAL OF THE FAST TRAINS

LIKE bobbed hair, wedgie shoes and the free lunch, passenger trains have gone out of style. In the past decade, with the rise in air travel, railroad passenger business has dropped more than 40%, and 13 lines have stopped intercity service. Many travelers might return to the rails if they could be assured of a clean, comfortable and fast ride. Unwilling to give up on passengers entirely, a few U.S. railroads are now preparing to give them just that by introducing new trains that travel at speeds of more than 100 m.p.h.

The Penn Central announced that its electric-powered Metroliner will go into service between New York and Washington on Jan. 16, cutting the trip from 3 hr. 35 min. to 2 hr. 59 min. Soon after, a second high-speed train, the gas-turbine TurboTrain will begin plying the New Haven line's rails between Boston and New York, lopping a full hour off the 4-hr. 15-min. trip.

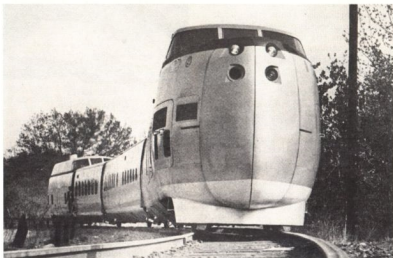
Capacity Crowd. It is about time that the U.S. got some high-speed trains. Europe has long had them, and Japan's highly successful Tokaido express travels at 130 m.p.h. In December, Canadian National Railways started TurboTrain service between Montreal and Toronto, reducing the usual 4-hr. 59-min. trip to 3 hr. 50 min. The Canadian TurboTrains are as clean and smooth as jet planes and cost considerably less to ride. So far, passengers have filled them almost to capacity.

The U.S.'s high-speed trains have been financed under the \$90 million High Speed Ground Transportation Act. It calls for joint Government-industry sponsorship of demonstration projects to see if high-speed service will help revive passenger trains and unsnarl highways and airways. It also aims to provide a model for similar rail service between such cities as Chicago and Detroit, Seattle and San Francisco.

No Engine. The Penn Central Metroliners, built by Philadelphia's Budd Co., can travel up to 160 m.p.h., but will be held to something under 120 m.p.h. Reasons: much slower conventional trains will be ahead of them on the tracks and the roadbeds cannot handle such great speeds. The steel-and-fiber-glass Metroliner units, self-propelled by four 640-h.p. electric motors, can be combined in any number to make a train without an "engine." So far, at least six of them have been accepted by the Penn Central. Another 44 Metroliner cars are scheduled to be put into service later in 1969.

In contrast to the rather boxy Metroliner, the three-car U.S. TurboTrain is a sleek harbinger of the future. It was built by United Aircraft—which also manufactured the longer Canadian National Turbos. Each of the two prototype TurboTrains cost an estimated \$2,000,000 to build. Powered by six 550-h.p. turbine engines, the aluminum Turbos are capable of speeds up to 170

m.p.h. At first they will be restricted to 110 m.p.h. Riding at that speed, the three-car trains can carry about 140 passengers in great comfort. They can round sharp curves at speeds 40% higher than existing equipment—and a coffee cup filled to the brim will not spill over. Separate power-dome units on either end of the train house the engines, cabins for the two-man crew and first-class observation seats. An engineer can run the train in either direction without turning it around. He simply walks from one power-dome car to another.



UNITED AIRCRAFT TURBOTRAIN

Smooth and clean at more than 100 m.p.h.

Both of the trains had originally been scheduled to go into service almost two years ago. They have been held back by financial and technical problems. Japan, for example, spent \$8 billion to build an entirely new roadbed and begin the Tokaido Line express. No entity in the U.S., least of all the railroad industry, has been willing to invest nearly that much. The TurboTrains have been further delayed because the New Haven's trustees have been unwilling to introduce costly new equipment until they merge their bankrupt line into a healthy company. The Penn Central was ordered by the Interstate Commerce Commission to take over the New Haven on Jan. 1. While it is trying to delay the merger, it is also negotiating with the Department of Transportation to run the TurboTrains on the New Haven tracks.

The fast trains, like jet planes, cost more than the older and slower equipment that they will replace. But they can more than pay their way—provided that travelers support them at the ticket window. How many will? A study by Arthur D. Little Inc. estimates that on trains restricted to speeds under 120 m.p.h., rail passenger traffic would rise 6% on the New York-Boston run and only 1% on the New York-

Washington run. If the speed limit were raised to 150 m.p.h., however, the number of passengers would jump 65% on the former and 18% on the latter.

To make such speed possible, the railroads would have to spend billions to improve rails, roadbeds, signals and grade crossings, and that would require much Government subsidy. Since the Government obviously has higher-priority projects—spaceships, supersonic transport planes and down-to-earth welfare spending—such heavy expenditures will have to wait for some future generation. But the trains have finally begun to speed up, and that should be welcome news to passengers and railroads alike.

WALL STREET

Mates Checked

None of Wall Street's brash young managers of "go-go" mutual funds have gone farther faster than 36-year-old Frederick S. Mates. His \$32 million Mates Investment Fund has risen 153% in per-share asset value since the beginning of 1968, the highest growth rate of any fund. A onetime English teacher who learned how money talks in 13 years as a highly successful market analyst and big-account broker, Mates is truly the personification of self-confidence. On one wall of his office, he keeps a framed parody of an old Wall Street slogan: "Invest, Then Investigate."

Discount Prices. Last week Mates suffered an abrupt setback. He was threatened with a sudden run on his fund by investors wanting to turn their shares in for cash, and got unprecedented permission from the Securities and Exchange Commission to shut down for an "indefinite" period. With that, some 3,000 shareholders were locked into the fund. Though Mates' fund is a fairly small, if certainly spectacular member of the U.S. mutual-fund business (total assets: \$55 billion), his travail is likely to make investors just a bit more skep-

tical about some forms of investment.

Signs of trouble appeared as early as June, when Mates' fund, under SEC pressure, stopped offering new shares. They had been selling at a fantastic rate—often more than \$1,000,000 a day—largely on the strength of Mates' well-publicized feel for hot stocks. The fund had to turn back business, Mates said, because bookkeepers could not keep up with the incoming flood of cash.

Cut off from new money, the lifeblood of any mutual fund, Mates was unusually vulnerable to a crisis. That came two weeks ago, when the SEC halted trading of a lively over-the-counter stock that had been one of Mates' big winners. The SEC cited "possibly misleading" information about the stock—Omega Equities Corp.—which had been bid up from 40¢ a share in January to \$35 in November. It last traded at \$25, which means that the 300,000 shares that Mates had bought in July for just under \$1,000,000 now account for about 15% of his fund's value.

The SEC had long been quietly investigating Omega. It is a reincarnation of a New York-based company that all but dropped out of sight years ago, when it operated in real estate under the name of J. M. Tenney Corp. After the firm reappeared in 1967 with its new name, stories about Omega as an "entertainment-field" conglomerate began turning up in the financial pages. According to one tale, it was about to take over 20th Century-Fox. Word of the SEC's investigation of Omega got out to a few well-informed investors, who quickly turned in their Mates Fund shares. Strapped for cash, Mates was forced to endure the fund manager's ultimate humiliation: he had to call on other funds to peddle parts of his portfolio at discount prices.

Feisty Performance. Mates may yet scrape by, but his Omega holdings have been double trouble. Not only were they backed by a company under investigation, but they were "letter stock." Such stock is sold privately by a company, usually at a price well below the going market value, when it wants to avoid time-consuming registration with the SEC and costly underwriting by investment bankers. But the buyer must agree to hold the letter shares for a considerable period, generally two years, and cannot trade them on an open market without SEC approval. The SEC reports that Mates has a large amount of letter stock in his portfolio. Saddled with stacks of such hard-to-market stocks and short of fresh cash as well, Mates was caught in a tight squeeze.

Could this happen to other mutual funds? Most are as sound as the stock market itself. But experts have doubts about the durability of new and rather small funds that promise a feisty performance. By astute buying in thinly-held stocks, they can "beat up" both the prices of the stocks and the growth rates of their funds. The trouble is, of course, that they can fall just as fast.



FRED MATES
Double trouble.

Meyer's Triple Play

Just as the Nixon Administration will draw heavily from private business to fill important public jobs, so U.S. business is busily recruiting key members of the outgoing Johnson Administration. Because they pay some of the highest salaries of all, with \$100,000-plus fairly common, Wall Street's investment banking houses are in a very strong position to pick off Washington's brightest talent. Last week one firm signed up three high-ranking Government officials as general partners. Manhattan's Lazard Frères & Co. recruited Commerce Secretary C. R. Smith, Under Secretary of the Treasury Frederick L. Deming



ANDRÉ MEYER
Capital coup.

and Assistant Budget Bureau Director Peter A. Lewis.

Friendly for Years. Lazard Frères owes its capital coup to the network of personal contacts carefully constructed by its French-born senior partner, André Meyer, 70. A close friend of World Bank President Robert McNamara and of outgoing Treasury Secretary Henry Fowler, Meyer has been an adviser to Jacqueline Onassis, a trustee of Joseph Kennedy's estate and an economic consultant to President Johnson. He has long been friendly with both Smith and Deming and is particularly close to Lewis, who worked for Lazard Frères for eight years before going to Washington in 1966.

Investment bankers can always use men who know their way around Washington. Lazard's newcomers have additional qualifications. Smith, 69, was a commercial aviation pioneer and chairman of American Airlines until his Cabinet appointment last March. He will be particularly valuable to Lazard in working with U.S. airlines. They will require huge amounts of capital to finance their forthcoming jumbo jets and supersonic transports and will spend about \$9 billion on new equipment in the next two years alone. Deming, 56, who oversaw international monetary affairs at the Treasury, will probably help on foreign loans and the other international deals, which are a large part of Lazard's business. Lewis, 38, an aide in the Housing and Urban Development Department before he joined the Budget Bureau last April, is likely to assist on urban real estate projects, another active area for Lazard.

Million-Dollar Fee. Though Meyer has a formal title only at Lazard Frères in New York, he also guides two other loosely linked Lazard banking houses in London and Paris. A onetime Paris stockbroker who became one of Lazard's most influential partners, Meyer fled to New York when Hitler invaded France in 1940. In the years since, he has helped negotiate some of Wall Street's biggest deals, including the 1966 McDonnell-Douglas merger, for which his firm's fee was \$1,000,000. Besides serving as investment banker to such companies as ITT and Owens-Illinois, he is a director of RCA and Allied Chemical in the U.S., Fiat and Montecatini Edison in Europe.

Even more reticent than most investment bankers, Meyer declined to say much about his three latest partners, aside from reporting that Smith will be based in Washington while Deming and Lewis will work in Manhattan. As for salary, the Government paid Smith \$35,000, Deming \$29,500 and Lewis \$28,750. Meyer allowed that all will be "much better-paid" in their new jobs—a disclosure that, for him, almost amounted to giving away house secrets.

* Another new investment banker, Fowler left the Government recently to become a partner of Manhattan's Goldman Sachs.

COMMON MARKET

The Farmer's Dutch Uncle

Farmers cross pitchforks with their governments almost everywhere, but the dueling is particularly spirited in Europe's Common Market. In the six member nations, farmers constitute a politically powerful 16% of the population and have extracted uniformly lavish price supports. This has encouraged overproduction and bulging surpluses of eggs, pork, wheat, apples and practically all other foods. The cost of underwriting the cornucopia reached \$4.5 billion in 1968, and could mount to \$10 billion by 1980. As trade unions, consumer groups and other proponents of farm reform point out, that is quite a bite.

Of course, the farmers resist change. Now they are training their ire on a



SICCO MANSHOLT OUT SAILING
Assault on the Butterberg.

blunt, strong-minded Dutchman who has urged a sweeping, basic change. He is the Common Market's agricultural chief, Sicco Mansholt, 60, whose proposal to the Common Market's Council of Ministers two weeks ago has made him one of the most controversial men on the Continent. In letters, irate European farmers have damned him as "Bolshevist" and a "mad dog." Mansholt replies coolly: "I have a big wastebasket."

Cut the Glut. Mansholt has called for an immediate attack on Europe's agricultural surpluses, particularly of sugar and dairy products. The glut of butter, for example, amounts to 400,000 tons, and is known among Germans as the *Butterberg* (butter mountain). Mansholt wants to cut the butter support price—now 79¢ a lb.—by 33%. He also advocates reducing dairy herds by 500,000 heads by paying farmers \$300 for every cow they slaughter, a proposal reminiscent of Franklin Roo-

sevelt's decision during the Depression to slaughter baby pigs as a way of both feeding the hungry and trimming pork surpluses.*

The basic trouble with European agriculture is that it is fragmented and inefficient. The average European farm is less than 25 acres (v. at least 350 acres in the U.S.), and three out of four plots are too small to maintain a family. To effect a change, Mansholt aims to reduce the number of European farmers within the next decade from 10 million to 5,000,000. He suggests that governments use financial incentives to induce old farmers to retire early and to voluntarily sell their farms to neighbors. That would help to meld tiny plots into bigger, more efficient "modern farm units."

The U.S. and other nonmarket countries generally welcome Mansholt's plan as a way of dealing with the farm surpluses that the Six have lately been trying to reduce through high-pressure selling abroad. But Washington is unhappy over Mansholt's call for a high tax on vegetable-oil products, designed to encourage Europeans to switch from margarine to butter. The U.S. contends that the levy would violate international prohibitions against the use of domestic taxes for protectionist purposes. In any case, it would certainly threaten the U.S.'s \$450 million-a-year sales of soybean products to Western Europe. The U.S.'s largest farm exports to Common Market countries come from the lowly soybean.

The Resistance Man. Mansholt, a farm-bred fellow who spends his free time sailing his flat-bottom Dutch fishing boat, has never retreated from a fight. He became a wartime resistance hero during the German occupation, later was The Netherlands' agriculture minister before moving to Brussels as a Common Market vice president in 1957. An impassioned Eurocrat, he has repeatedly tangled with Charles de Gaulle's government, which blocked his nomination for the Common Market presidency in 1967.

At least part of Mansholt's program, particularly the assault on some surpluses, is likely to be adopted in one form or another fairly soon. The deeper structural reforms will have tougher going, especially in West Germany, where farmers tend to be more backward and conservative than anywhere else in the Common Market. Meanwhile, the plan received a major boost last week, when eleven of 13 Common Market commissioners voted to approve it. Though potent farm groups and individual governments have yet to be persuaded, many European officials were agreeing, at least in private, with what Mansholt was saying aloud.

* F.D.R.'s Agriculture Secretary Henry Wallace, speaking of critics who thought that pigs should not be killed until full-grown, remarked: "They contended that every little pig has the right to attain before slaughter the full piggishness of his pigness."

INVESTMENT

Rothschilds in the Pacific

The legendary Rothschilds have quite a knack for multiplying their money by backing the right people in the right places. Rothschild gold bought supplies for the Duke of Wellington before Waterloo, financed Disraeli's purchase of the Suez Canal and bankrolled 19th century railroaders as well as modern industrial pioneers in Newfoundland. Soon the Rothschilds will be striking out in still another direction: the lands around the broad Pacific basin, especially Japan.

A new international-investment fund for the Pacific is being formed by N. M. Rothschild & Sons, the London branch of the 200-year-old banking fam-



EVELYN DE ROTHSCHILD IN LONDON
Out of the shadow of Paris.

ily. As partners, the Rothschilds will have the biggest brokerage houses in the U.S. and Japan, Merrill Lynch and Nomura Securities Co. Other partners may join the syndicate. The fund will begin operation early in 1969, if, as expected, the government approves. It will be run by the Rothschilds in the pattern of other syndicates that they have formed in Europe. They will buy stock in promising companies in Australia and other Pacific countries but chiefly in Japan, whose economy in 1968 had a real growth of 12%, the highest of any developed nation. Then the syndicate will sell its shares to the public, mainly in Europe, but not in the U.S. or Canada. In those countries, the partners figure, it would not be worth struggling through a maze of taxes, notably the U.S.'s interest-equalization tax, which

obliges Americans to pay an 184 premium for foreign securities.

No Myths. With other partners in other places, the British Rothschilds are quietly working up half a dozen similar syndicates. The London-based family had long been under the shadow of its wealthier cousins, the Paris Rothschilds, and of more imaginative British merchant bankers. Now the firm is catching up, as Rothschilds always seem to do. Edmund de Rothschild, 52, remains the senior partner, but the man who is taking an increasingly vocal role is his first cousin, Evelyn de Rothschild, 37. Unlike Edmund, who is active in a largely ceremonial way, Evelyn is pursuing a more aggressive family stewardship. "We aren't just a myth," he insists.

Evelyn argued that the British House of Rothschild should not necessarily become a home, stipulating that "no Rothschild can come into the bank who does not reach the required standards." The firm has both strengthened its ties with the French relatives and become more open to Christians and other outsiders. Last January, Evelyn took a partnership in the Paris bank and welcomed its head, Baron Guy de Rothschild (TIME cover, Dec. 20, 1963), to a reciprocal partnership at N. M. Rothschild. At the same time, the bank also added three non-Rothschild partners, putting the family in a minority (now 5 to 8) for the first time.

Help for Hungary. The new boys have added vitality to the still overly inbred firm. Headquartered in London's City, the British Rothschilds retain their prestigious positions as gold broker to the Bank of England and substantial dealers in foreign exchange. Since 1966, they have entered industrial ventures with Britain's National Provincial Bank and with four Continental firms, including Baron Guy's Paris bank and Cousin Edmond's "Banque Privée in Geneva. In May, the firm assembled a syndicate that lent \$15 million to Hungary, the first direct credit by Western lenders to an East bloc country. Three months ago, its U.S. affiliate bought the Georg Jensen chain of New York-area specialty shops. And next week the Rothschilds will join as a junior partner with the U.S.'s Manufacturers Hanover Trust in opening a new merchant bank in London, thus completing a typical round-the-world circle.

BANKING

Your Friendly Computer

In U.S. banking, more than in most other lines of business, computers have freed employees from considerable drudgery by taking over routine paperwork and bookkeeping. Now the machines will begin to do much more important chores for many banks. The First National Bank of Atlanta, one of

the South's largest, has started a computer service that could help hundreds of small bankers make higher-level management decisions.

The service, called Dynabank, is a form of computer time sharing that ties smaller banks into a large IBM storehouse of money-management data. By operating a special electric typewriter connected by telephone line to a computer center, a small-town banker can get a print-out of information about conditions in distant bond and money markets, as well as economic forecasts for the nation or his region, and other data. If he is thinking of buying bonds, Dynabank will quote prices and yields of issues. If he wants to sell, the computer can tell him the market value of his own bank's portfolio. Dynabank advises what investment shifts to make, depending on the bank's tax situation, as



OSTEEN SHOWING DYNABANK
More than just big adding machines.

sets, liabilities and flow of business. Should the bank experience an unexpected drop in deposits, the computer can recommend steps to tide it over.

After testing the system in four small Southern banks, First National demonstrated it to a group of U.S. bankers. The response exceeded expectations. Though prepared for only ten initial orders at most, First National has already won 22 contracts. New banks are joining the Dynabank system at the rate of two a day, as equipment becomes available. Eventually, First National hopes to draw banks throughout the U.S. into a computer network for exchanging information. Says H. Monty Osteen, one of the executives who helped develop the system: "To a large degree, management has been reluctant to use computers as anything more than big adding machines. This has been because management generally does not understand computers. We have adapted the computer to bank management—not bank management to the computer."

THE THEATER

NEW PLAYS

Calendar of Love

The theater lights dim. The audience hushes. It is that tingling, anticipatory moment before the curtain rises. Suddenly, *bouzouki* music shreds the air, and in orchestra seat D-113 Jean Kerr says with a trace of apprehension: "Sounds like we are back at Zorba." The fear proves groundless. True, the initial setting is Greece, but the play, *Forty Carats*, is a frothy French farce from Pierre Barillet and Jean-Pierre Gredy, the team that wrote *Cactus Flower*. It is a comedy of new marital modes and manners, precisely the sort of show that people always say they want to see in order to forget the trials and tribulations of the day.

There sits Julie Harris, trig though middle-aged, lovely though unhappy. She needs transportation. There stands young Marco St. John, tall, dark, handsome and ever so resourceful. He has a motorcycle to share with the lady. As added enticements, he also offers Julie a bottle of ouzo (which is stronger than gin and sweeter than licorice) and a refreshing nocturnal skinny dip in the wine-dark Aegean. What is a twice-divorced damsel of 40 to do? She accepts, naturally.

Back in Manhattan, complications ensue. One night of love has inflamed this 22-year-old lad, who becomes the ardent wooer of the half-smitten, half-reluctant Julie. Julie's jovially addled mother, Glenda Farrell, thinks the boy is hanging around in order to court Julie's flaming old daughter Gretchen Corbett, who is almost 18 and as old as Eve. From here on, as in all French farces, the doors take over: who comes through which door when triggers the laughs.

Civilized Fun. One man who comes through the door is a wealthy widower of 45 who seems a highly appropriate match for Julie, but fails head over checkbook in love with Julie's pregnant daughter. Sighs Julie: "Now she'll never graduate from Dalton"—a New York joke about a Manhattan private school, the kind of local allusion with which the show is peppered. To complete the May-October calendar of love, Julie says "I do" to guess who.

The French, of course, have a long tradition of an older woman initiating a young man in the felicities of sex. Transferred to a U.S. setting, *Forty Carats* acquires a sociological tinge. The play enters a sane and plausible plea for a single standard of judgment on age disparity in marriage. If it is acceptable for an older man to marry a young girl, then it ought to be equally acceptable for an older woman to marry a young man. Love is a game for all seasons.

The adaptation from the French script by Jay Allen might have been wit-

* Rothschilds often have the same or similar first names. Edmund is English; his third cousin Edmond is French.



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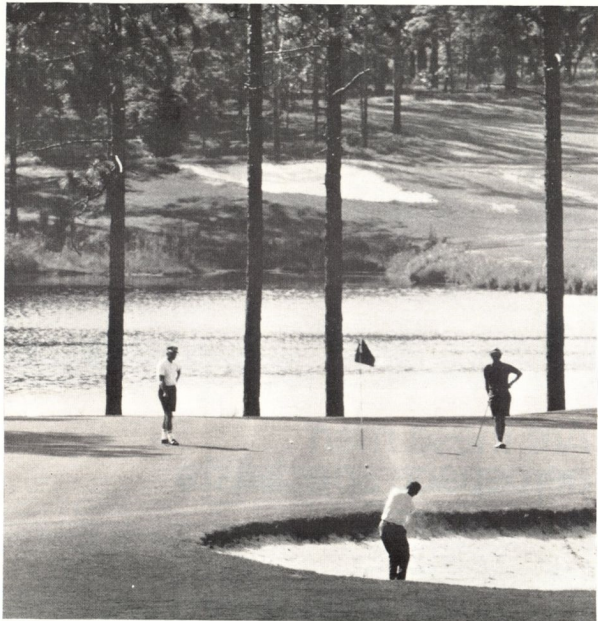
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North Carolina

tier, but it is never less than civilized fun, and Abe Burrows has directed the show with crisp agility. As a tonic for middle-aged matrons, *Forty Carats* is so potent that *carny* David Merrick may have to institute extra matinees to handle the crush.

REPERTORY

Glutton for Sinners

Bertolt Brecht had a touching Teutonic faith in the power of the blow to instruct. Almost all his dramas are displays of belligerent didacticism. The stage was his prize ring. The audience was his sparring partner. There he was—"poor B.B.," as he always liked to think of himself—lashing out with a bruising ideological left to the midriff, jolting the playgoer with some brisk truism to the jaw.

Brecht lived by what he always pretended to suppress: his sentiment bordering on sentimentality, the lyric-cynic play of his heart and mind, a vein of mordant humor, and his drink-drenched ability to keep one eye on the dawn and the other on the clogged gutter of life. He claimed that the greatest single influence on his prose was the Lutheran Bible, and there was something of the masked disciple of Christ in him. His Communism was basically a desire to multiply the loaves and fishes for the multitude.

All the Preacher-Teachers. Like Christ, he preaches to publicans and sinners, synonyms for playgoers. All the preacher-teacher-playwrights—Ibsen, Shaw, Arthur Miller—are gluttons for sinners. They want converts streaming up the aisles to purify the world. They are all moral abolitionists who, despite their obvious love of the theater, confuse drama with reform and statecraft. They write Plays to Abolish Things By—

poverty, prejudice, war, injustice, capitalism, moral obliquity. This is the dramatic form of preventive medicine, and it has never averted a single plague that mankind is heir to.

The Resistible Rise of Arturo Ui is Brecht's play to prevent Hitler by, or rather, future Hitlers. It is as if a public accountant were to attempt to sum up the nature of evil on a balance sheet. Hitler, Goebbels, Göring, Roehm, under various aliases are presented as Chicago gangsters who muscle into a vegetable trust (the depression-ravaged German industrialists) and bulldoze the honest but senile leading citizen (Hindenburg) into legalizing their protection racket.

When Brecht's own Berliner Ensemble performs the play, the discipline and virtuosity of the company turn a somewhat silly drama into a comic nightmare. European experience underlines every speech with blood. But Americans tend to regard gangsters with nostalgic indulgence as individualistic resistance fighters against society (witness the vast popularity of *Bonnie and Clyde*). In the U.S., the play takes on the eerie quality of a faintly sinister success story, in which an immigrant boy from Brooklyn overcomes his bad accent and deplorable manners to achieve dominion and power over the second largest city in the nation. In the Minnesota Theatre Company's production, currently visiting Broadway, Robin Gammell is delightfully disjointed as Ui, but as a Nazi he is just a lovable softy. He couldn't throw a spitball at the teacher, let alone murder his best friend. By contrast, Christopher Plummer's performance in 1963 was chillingly demonic. The rest of the cast preserves the company's formidable reputation for inadequacy. It is just as well that Brecht did not live to see this production.

OFF BROADWAY

Friends from the '30s

Ideally, a parody should be: 1) funny about its subject matter, 2) funny in its own right, and 3) funny but not unfriendly. *Dames at Sea*, at Manhattan's Bouwerie Lane Theater, manages to be all three—with a bonus of three thoroughly engaging stars and some of the most ingenious staging currently on or off Broadway.

Director Neal Kenyon and Set Designer Peter Harvey had to be ingenious. With a minuscule and a cast of only six, they set out to spoof the movie musicals of the 1930s, with all their intricate dance routines and big, glittering production numbers ("lavish" was the Depression word for them). One clever device is a movable frame inside the proscenium that makes the stage even smaller than it is, so that it can then be expanded to produce the illusion of large-scale operations. Another nice trick is one pair of panels at stage center that slide open to reveal a Chi-



RUBY (LEFT) & FELLOW DAMES
Busby Berkeley dream.

nese opium den, and still another pair that revolve to present canted mirrors, giving the tiny chorus line something of that old Busby Berkeley thundering herd effect.

Were it not for television, of course, only doddering fogies of 50 and older would get the point of the take-off. But the late-late shows have brought into the public domain the venerable clichés about naive little Ruby who comes to the Broadway "jungle" determined to "tap her way to stardom." All the familiar old friends are on hand—the bitchy established star who tries to steal Ruby's sweetheart, the warm-hearted floozy who befriends her, the gruff, tough director who puts her on at the last minute with those classic words: "It's a chance in a million, but it just might work." Everything else is there too—the whiplash body English and frenetic tap routines, the hard-times songs about riches-to-rags and good-times-acomin', the Spanish-town song ("Do you remember those nights of splendor?"), the train song ("Clickity-clackity-woo-woo") and the rain song ("Pitter-patter-what's-the-matter").

Tamara Long, as the slinky heavy, brandishes a flaming Morgantic torch for her Mister Man, and Sally Stark, as Ruby's peroxidized pal, belts a note almost as plangent as the great Merman's. The comic delight of the show, though, is Bernadette Peters, whose Ruby can simultaneously sing and dance up a storm that puts all New York (including Queen Marie of Rumania) at her feet. She can also lament her unrequited love with a tear that streaks mascara down her cheek in a lugubrious perfection of timing.

It's hard to believe that none of them ever thrilled to a dance marathon or unwrapped a Melorol.



UI & FELLOW GANGSTERS
Comic nightmare.

BOOKS

The Year of the Novel

THERE are depressing moments when it seems that book publishers subsist largely on war, revolution, genocide, cowboys, Indians, literary homosexuals and the Kennedys. Nearly as often as God, the novel is pronounced dead—by prophets like John Barth, who splices novels from tapes, or apostates like Truman Capote, who labeled *In Cold Blood* a nonfiction novel. But the novel refuses to go away, and 1969 promises to be one of the richest years in recent memory.

The man whom most people consider the most accomplished novelist in English, **Vladimir Nabokov**, will publish his first new book since *Pale Fire*. Called *Ada*, it is Delphically described by the author as "an attempt to grapple with the problem of time." **Saul Bellow**, the man whom most of the other people consider the most accomplished novelist in English, has a new novel too. Like his bestselling *Herzog*, it will deal with urban intellectuals, more than ever a promising subject since Norman Podhoretz's *Making It* made it so big.

Neither of these books is awaited with the eagerness that attends **Philip Roth's** *Portnoy's Complaint* (TIME, May 17), which comes on the scene next month after the greatest prepublication fanfare since *Death of a President*. The plot tells the sexual misadventures of Alex Portnoy from misapic adolescence in Newark to insatiable maturity in New York City government. Excerpts have appeared in the *New American Review* and *Partisan Review* as well as in *Esquire*, and the unpublished book has already earned over half a million dollars. Its real value, though, lies in Roth's revelation of a brilliant urban intelligence confronting the chaos of modern life and his own psyche—written with irony, outrage and hysterical laughter.

The spring holds less flamboyant promises, as well. **John Cheever** has finished *Bullet Park*, a chronicle of fathers and sons and the communications chasm in suburbia. **Kurt Vonnegut** has found a subject that will support any amount of black humor and white rage, fire-bombing of Dresden—which he lived through as a war prisoner. In *Pictures of Fidelman*, **Bernard Malamud writes of an impoverished painter who outwits a gang of forgers who force him to turn out a new Titian. From Paris comes *The Fruits of Winter*, the new Prix Goncourt winner that was the occasion for enough scheming and plotting on the part of the prize jury (TIME, Nov. 29) to provide material for a brilliant satire. The winning author is **Bernard Clavel**, and his story, modeled on his parents' life, is about the bitter years of the Nazi occupation. The**

French export market, too, will reintroduce U.S. readers to a celebrated Gallic misogynist, **Henry de Montherlant**, through four novels that first earned him his reputation, now bound and translated under a single title (*The Girls*).

Women will be heard from in other ways. **Doris Lessing**, forsaking African memories and revelations of the inner world of the feminine intellect in London, plunges into fictional futurism with a book called *1999*. **Eudora Welty**, the soft-voiced but enduring prose mistress of Mississippi, is bringing out her first novel in 15 years. **Jean Stafford** (*Boston Adventure*, *The Mountain Lion*), who has also siphoned off much energy into intricate short stories, has finished her first novel in 17 years. Titled *A Parliament of Women*, it is set in the author's native Colorado, and one of the main characters will be based on her father, a redoubtable writer of westerns (under pseudonyms like Ben Delight and Jack Wonder) who died in his 90s.

In general, the sequel (*The Carpetbaggers Run for President*) is a form favored by authors whose main interest is cash. But more and more serious writers are adding rooms and views to already created structures. In *Nunquam*, **Lawrence Durrell** continues his story (began in *Tunc*) of the "thinking weed" Felix Charlock and his struggles with the vast Merlin corporation. **Isaac Bashevis Singer** transplants the children from *The Manor* in Poland to *The Estate* in America. Elsewhere in Europe, **Sarah Gainham** conducts what is left of her cast of Viennese characters from *Night Falls on the City* into the post-war era. **C. P. Snow** has achieved a double sequel of sorts: the tenth novel in his *Strangers and Brothers* series seems to be an offshoot of *On Iniquity*, his wife Pamela Hansford Johnson's recent moralistic account of the Manchester Moors murders. In Sir Charles' version of perversion, two lesbians butcher an eight-year-old boy.

Among more blatantly commercial novels, there are a couple of noteworthy categories. One is already known in the trade as *Rosemary's Babies*, since *Ira Levin's* bestseller (4,400,000 sales in paperback alone) has clearly inspired others to deal with the devil. Among them: *The Mephisto Waltz* by **Fred Mustard Stewart** (a pianist kills and inhabits the body of a long-fingered friend), and *Don't Rely on Gemini* by **Vin Packer** (the Corsican brothers in outer space). The last author is pseudonymous, but he has to come from Green Bay.

Another genre might be called *Installation Romance*. By **George R. Stewart** (*Storm*), out of **Vicki Baum** (*Grand Hotel*), such books lure the reader into the pullulating heart of some modern in-



DURRELL



STAFFORD



NABOKOV



BELLOW



LESSING



SNOW



SINGER



VONNEGUT



ROTH



WELTY



CHEEVER



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stitution, which thereafter teems with professional expertise and ersatz emotion. Among the best and most successful recent examples are *Arthur Hailey's Hotel and Airport*. Next year, intrepid fiction reporters will go inside such serious installations as hospitals (*The Death Committee* by Noah Gordon), the aircraft industry (*Blood of Eagles* by Richard Stern), and the construction of a New York skyscraper (*The Builders* by William Woolfolk).

But decadence is already setting in with proposed trips to the mock world of TV (*The Love Machine* by Jacqueline Susann), public relations (*The Image Men* by J. B. Priestley and *The Fame Game* by Rona Jaffe), not to mention high fashion (*The Collection* by Paul Montano) and publishing itself (*The Center of the Action* by Jerome Weidman). Probably in this category, too, belongs Henry Sutton's *The Voyeur*, which he says is not about Hugh Hefner and the *Playboy* empire.

In addition there will be products by two perpetual leaseholders on bestseller lists, Irving Wallace and Harold Robbins. Descriptions of their books' contents are hard to come by. Mr. Wallace doesn't like to reveal his plots too far in advance. Mr. Robbins, who makes his up as he goes along, hasn't got to the dictaphone yet.

Behind the Lines

SILENCE ON MONTE SOLE by Jack Olsen. 374 pages. Putnam. \$6.95.

By the summer of 1944, the Allied armies had advanced nearly to the hip of the Italian boot. But the going was slow. Through a series of intelligent and tenacious rear-guard actions, German Field Marshal Albert Kesselring exacted a high price in blood and patience for each rocky mile. In addition to the Allies, Kesselring had to deal with ferocious Italian partisans. One group, armed with parachuted weapons, carried on by blasting freight trains and ambushing German patrols in and around Monte Sole, the most prominent peak of a collection of modest Apennines 15 miles south of Bologna. Because Monte Sole lay directly in the path of Kesselring's retreat route, its partisans represented a serious threat to orderly German withdrawal.

Reprisals against the partisans were stepped up. Farms and crops were burned, hostages were selected and shot. Yet partisan activity increased, and with it atrocities on both sides. By fall, the Germans' military front was deteriorating rapidly and their escape route was still threatened. Kesselring's frustration turned into a cold fury, which vented itself on the 4,000 residents of Monte Sole. From Sept. 29 through Oct. 1, SS death squads visited Monte Sole's villages and rounded up, shot down, grenaded and then burned more than 1,800 inhabitants. Most of them were women and children.

Jack Olsen, a SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

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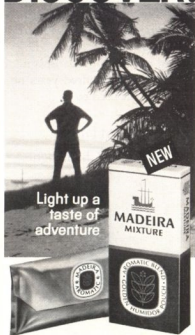


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writer and author of *The Black Athlete: A Shameful Story*, has reconstructed the events on Monte Sole from records and the memories of the survivors. The result is one of those feats of reporting and literary journalism in which massive amounts of detail are given dramatic structure.

Olsen devotes more than the first third of *Silence on Monte Sole* to designing the set and lining up the cast for the tragedy to follow. In the balance of the book, the incidents of the massacre unfold with numbing predictability. Time and again Olsen describes how people escaped bullets by burrowing under the corpses of their families or playing dead. Once more he indirectly states one of the irreducible lessons of war: that the human body loses its integrity when struck by pieces of metal moving at high velocity.

In an effort to dramatize the horror,



MARIE TIVIROLI & PARENTS
One of the irreducible lessons of war.

Olsen often loads his incidents—with more detail than they can support, and a certain awkwardness results: "How are your wounds?" Marie Tiviroli, the golden-haired princess of Steccola, said when she awakened in the abandoned charcoal hut between Cadotto and her home." But when the material is treated simply, it embeds itself in the reader's imagination. For example, in Olsen's handling of the postman, who thought the best thing to do under the circumstances was to walk his usual route burdened with letters for the dead. Or his description of the SS man, fresh from shooting a four-year-old girl, who aided a wounded young woman because she reminded him of his fiancée.

As a piece of reporting and dramatic journalistic writing, *Silence on Monte Sole* is a professional success. Yet after the hundreds of dramatic reconstructions of the inhuman acts of World War II—acts whose memory is kept fresh by the knowledge of continuing inhumanity—the value of the genre itself is in doubt. The past 25 years have conclusively demonstrated that no recon-

struction of human suffering, no matter how skillfully or compassionately done, can compare with the unadorned voices of the survivors, who, in autobiography and war-crimes testimony, told of their times in words born of the most painful silences.

The Bloodhounds of Heaven

THE PINKERTONS: THE DETECTIVE DYNASTY THAT MADE HISTORY by James D. Horan. 564 pages. Crown. \$7.95.

From Cotton Mather to J. Edgar Hoover, America's best vice fighters have displayed an unappeasable fervor for coming to grips with evil that might be described as a Moby Dick complex. Allan Pinkerton and his sons William and Robert—founder and scions of a family whose name is synonymous with sleuthing—are no exceptions. Toward the criminals they pursued for twelve decades, from Jesse James to Willie ("The Actor") Sutton, the Pinkertons seemed to direct the same obsessive passions Melville imputed to Captain Ahab, who was a first-class tracker by any detective's standards: "He piled upon the whale's white hump the sum of all the general rage and hate felt by his whole race from Adam down." Adopting a god-like motto ("We Never Sleep") the Pinkertons did not so much solve cases as play Puritan avenging angels in private duels with the devil.

From Gamblers to Greenhorns. Biographer James D. Horan, a prolific ex-journalist with an omnivorous curiosity about crime (*The D.A.'s Man*) is not quite up to turning the Pinkertons into either a study in American character or a social history of violence. But he does mount nice rogues' gallery snapshots of such Pinkerton-defying sinners as Confederate Spy Rose O'Neal Greenhow (whose charms earned her a peek at the blueprints of various forts around Washington) and "Old Bill" Miner, who held up his first stagecoach in 1866 and his last train in 1911. He also manages a rough-edged portrait of Founder Allan Pinkerton, No. 1 bloodhound of heaven.

An itinerant cooper from the Glasgow slums, young Allan came to Chicago in 1842 as a fugitive, escaping the consequences of his past as a radical agitator. The time and the place could not have been more propitious for a man with an extravagant taste for self-righteousness and the sort of brawn developed by swinging a ten-pound cooper's hammer. Mid-19th century Chicago was beginning America's painful, often bloody transition from frontier to urban society. Law enforcement was faltering between mere inefficiency and dedicated corruption. Into the power vacuum stepped the indefatigable, incorruptible Pinkerton, self-made gang-buster. In 1849 he became Chicago's first and only police detective. After resigning from the force, in his own words, "because of political interference," he started the Pinkerton agency a year or



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ALLAN PINKERTON DURING CIVIL WAR
Private duels with the devil.

two later to perform the services he had found most public law-enforcement agencies of the day only promised.

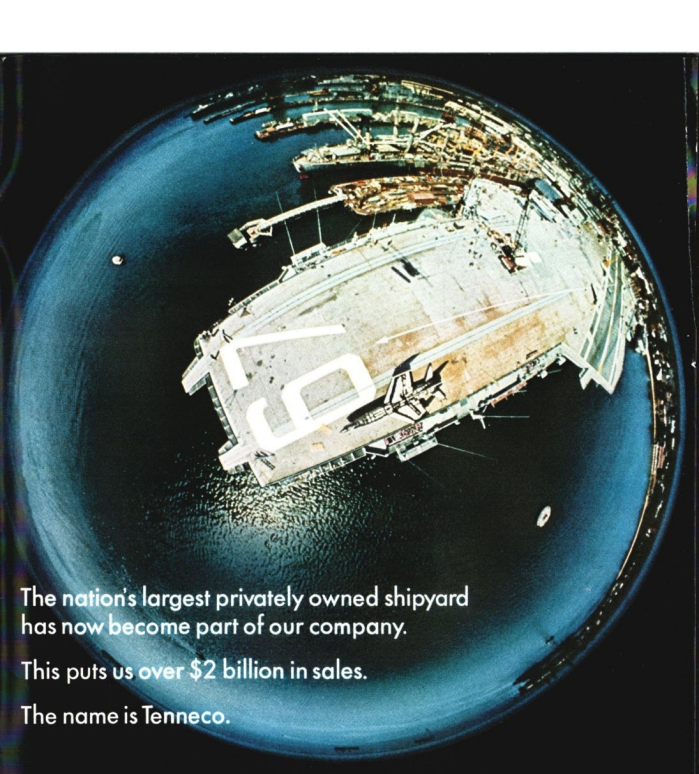
Pinkerton recruited former clerks, farmers, watchmakers and one widow, Kate Warne ("not what could be called handsome" but "decidedly of an intellectual cast"). Kate, it was hoped, would "worm out secrets in many places to which it was impossible for male detectives to gain access," and worm she did. So did her fellow infiltrators, who were first given a rigorous training course in pre-Method acting until they were able to disguise themselves as anybody and everybody from shifty gamblers to greenhorns "just off the boat."

Pinkerton detectives, known as "operatives," initiated the practice of keeping suspect files ("has scar on left hand," and lives with "a Hooker named Frisco Ann"). As for doctrine, operatives subscribed to the "General Principles," including one that read, "The ends justify the means." The agency was the self-expression of a man who got up at 4:30 a.m., was in bed by 8:30 p.m., and whose idea of an acting disguise (for himself) was as a "jovial, friendly" social drinker. "I must get my way in all things," he once confessed firmly, showing a taste for the fanatic in himself and others (symptomatically, he regarded Abolitionist John Brown as "greater than Napoleon and just as great as George Washington"). Trying his hand as an espionage agent for the North in the Civil War, Pinkerton overestimated the Confederate enemy almost to the point of paranoia.

College Grads and Clam Beds. By the 1870s—chasing a new breed of bank robbers, mostly ex-soldiers like the Younger Brothers of Missouri, and pouncing on cheating streetcar conductors in the East—Pinkerton agents were operating out of offices in New York and Philadelphia. The revolutionary

slum boy from Glasgow was able to build himself a Scottish estate in Onarga, Ill., complete with 85,000 imported trees, where he entertained the likes of General Grant and Commodore Vanderbilt. Yet as America progressed beyond the crude improvisations of frontier justice, Pinkerton gradually fitted less and less serviceably into his society. An outspoken admirer of vigilante tactics, he became a willing, over-brutal tool of mine owners and steel bosses in the terrorism that marked the early attempts to pioneer workers' rights.

It was the Homestead steel strike in 1892 (eight years after Allan's death) that finally turned the word Pinkerton into a hated synonym for union-breaking muscle; for during that strike, Winchester-toting agents were imported as "watchmen." As late as the 1930s, Pinkertons were finding congenial work playing labor spies on behalf of management. For today's Pinkerton heirs, however, the intoxicating old self-righteousness is gone. Robert II, the fourth generation of detective Pinkertons, who would have preferred to remain a Wall Street broker, is now chairman of the board. Seventy branch offices are tamerly staffed with 13,000 full-time employees—and college degrees are "preferred." Pinkertons patrol race tracks with miniature cameras and walkie-talkies, and protect the clam- and oyster-seeds of Long Island with a radar-equipped Pinkerton navy. Passion has given way to technology. For the enduring challenge of any personal crusade against the forces of darkness requires simplicity of means, and the possibility of confrontation with evil personified. Given the choice, Ahah might well have accepted radar and sonar aboard the *Pequod* but the Great Whale's looming, symbolic presence would soon have been reduced to a series of blips and bongs.



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